

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 12, 1979

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transmission adds to the sporty feel and reduces engine RPM's at highway speeds. Even an AM/FM Multiplex stereo radio is standard. Of course, while it's an extremely nice car, this Corolla Liftback may not be the perfect match for your needs. That's why there are so many other Corolla models to choose from—more than any other small car line. 2-Door Sedans, 4-Door Sedans, Sport Coupes, Wagons—a car for virtually every need. 12 Corolla models in all, including the new front-wheel drive Corolla Tercel on the next page.



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PRO FOOTBALL, 1979 has been the year of the passer, the blitz, the holder, the lawyer and rules maker, not to mention the AFC (again), says Paul Zimmerman, who reviews the first 11 weeks of the season and speculates about what's ahead

THE LLTIMATE SCOUTING REPORT: Bob Ottum plunges into the swirling mists of Transylvania, not to check out Count Dracula but to get a line on the spectacular young Romanian gymnast Nadia Comaneci, which is only slightly less difficult

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EDITOR VERIGAN: TO SIVIA GIBBS, SHEA AND SHALIT

When Linda Verigan joined *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in 1973 as secretary to our Articles Editor, she dispatched her chores with the speed and efficiency appropriate to a graduate of New York's esteemed Katharine Gibbs secretarial school, and then took to reading some of the unsolicited articles that come to the magazine. These arrive at the rate of 100 to 150 a week and range, she found, "from wonderful to not so hot, from weird to funny."

Verigan displayed such a talent for recognizing the stories that would be right for *SI* that in 1976 she was made "first reader." As such, she read all the unsolicited manuscripts, most of which she wound up turning down. "People put a great deal of effort and heart into their work," she says. "It's important to treat each one individually and with feeling. I learned to say 'No, thank you' in 300 ways."

One such manuscript was from a young man whose girl had left him. "He wrote a long, heartbreakingly detailed story of their courtship with the idea that it would run in *SI* and she would see it, realize how much he loved her and return to him," Verigan says. "The piece ended with his marriage proposal. I never did find out what happened."

Last August, Verigan handed over this job to Constance Tubbs and began to edit our "regional" stories, which run in the front and back of the magazine in regional advertising sections.

The region Linda grew up in as Linda Roehm is Northern New Jersey, Midland Park to be exact, where she watched baseball on TV with her

father but otherwise paid little heed to sport until, in 1971, she took a job as social and personal secretary to William A. Shea, the Shea Stadium Shea, and began attending numerous sporting events. "When I applied for the job," she says, "it sounded glamorous and exciting, but unfortunately, Shea

was an attorney first and a sportsman second." Verigan's job consisted of purely administrative tasks.

One of them, however, was to handle tickets for all Shea's box seats at various stadiums and see that they were distributed to Shea and his clients. "One day a block of four Jets tickets arrived, addressed to a partner who had died. The other woman who worked in the office and I got to split them between us and spent the fall and winter watching the Super Bowl winners with our friends. I was enormously popular until the season ended."

Moving on, in 1972 Verigan answered an ad in *The New York Times* for an administrative assistant to "a movie critic." At the address given for her interview, the door was opened by NBC's Gene Shalit, sporting, in addition to his magnificent mustache, red suspenders, red socks, a huge cigar and no shoes. Verigan spent one and a half happy years working at Scrooge & Marley, Ltd., as Shalit calls his private office, protecting him from casual visitors as he sweated out his scripts and answering the fan mail he periodically produced from shopping bags because, as Shalit said, "It makes me nervous seeing it all over the office."

It was from Shalit that Verigan came to us—obviously ready to cope with any contingency. We can't imagine how he's getting along without her.

Robert F. Sullivan

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And we expect equally as good results from our 1980 program.

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When you get right down to it, deficit spending by government is the chief cause of inflation. We need to take better ideas to the top in government, too. We need to keep government aware that unfettered spending must be brought under control—and that one way to check inflation is to make our tax dollars more productive.

Let's all take our better ideas to the top.

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Grand Macnish Sports Flashback

DETROIT, 1953—In his third year as quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers, Y.A. Tittle was turning it around for the often luckless team from the coast. The team was having its best season in the NFL, and a division championship was possible. Tittle, in fact, thought it was highly probable.

The title was on his mind when the 49ers came to Detroit for their first seasonal meeting with the defending National Football League champions.

One guy particularly was on Y.A.'s mind. The tough and quick Lion defensive back, Jim David. The sophomore sensation had been terrorizing enemy quarterbacks, confusing their pass patterns, picking off a few and occasionally fusing up a critical play on a safety-blitz.

Jim David, too, had been

thinking. He noted that Tittle was doubly dangerous because he could run—and he would have to watch for Y.A. on the bootleg.

The battle waged evenly on that crisp afternoon. Tittle, as expected, was shooting it to the Lions but nearing halftime, the Lions still clung to a 14-7 lead.

And then... Y.A. faked a handoff and started around the right side on a bootleg play. It caught the Lions by surprise, but David saw it and was cutting across the field to make the hit.

Tittle saw daylight and chugged for the end zone. About a yard away, a Lion, coming from nowhere, grabbed him low hitting with such velocity it carried Y.A. into the end zone. David had struck—and though the score was tied at 14 all, the game was over for Tittle, whose face had somehow collided

with David's knee. The Lions finally won, 24-21.

Looking back on that game, Y.A. remembers it with painful clarity.

"I looked in the mirror in the dressing room at halftime and my whole face was caved in," Tittle recalls. "I had 40 bone chips in it. They had to make a special helmet with a plastic bar across the face so I could play. I missed the next game. And I also missed the last game with Detroit, which we lost. Those two losses cost us the division title. We were 9-3 that season and they were 10-2."

"I'm not mad at Jim," Y.A. smiled. "He made up for his size by being one of the most aggressive players the game has ever seen. He was a mean little son-of-a-gun, but I liked him."

David also remembers 1953 and Y.A. Tittle.

"Tittle was a sensational quarterback that year," David

reminds. "And he was tough, too. When he got into trouble, he could run. Yeah, I remember the play because I was looking for it. You had to be aware with Y.A. It might have been different if he hadn't gotten hurt, it was all between us and them that year."

Y.A. Tittle, missing three games, threw 20 touchdown passes in 1953 and had a 57.5 completion percentage. He was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1971.

Jim David played only eight years, but left his mark. He made the All-Pro team in 1954 and played in six straight Pro Bowls—1955-60.

Old No. 14 Tinter and Old No. 25 (David) are friends to day, although Y.A. says, "He's still a little mean."

Over the years, Y.A. and Jim have seen eye to eye on very few things.

Grand Macnish Scotch is one of them.



Y.A. TITTLE



JIM DAVID



Isn't it time we met?

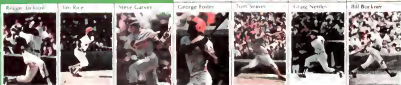


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- 4500 Jay Springsteen

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- 5102 Kyle Rose Jr.

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- 4702 Marty Hogan

RODDED

- 6201 Don Gay
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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

IF EXERCISE ISN'T YOUR THING, PLEASE
DON'T SAY THAT IT SHOULDN'T BE MINE



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I'm finally weary of non-runners, most especially the ones who write magazine articles denouncing running and other forms of exercise as well. Such articles have appeared in *Playboy*, which you might expect, and in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, too. Their implicit purpose, of course, is to placate—why be polite about it?—slobs. The authors parade their childish guilt as a kind of sophisticated outrage. It is impossible not to conclude that they wish they were in better shape themselves, but for whatever reasons can't quite make it, so they try to ridicule those of us who have by calling us bores or fools, and by claiming that all we are doing is torturing ourselves.

Don't ever tell us how far you run or how hard you work out, they say. It is as if fanatical exercise addicts were constantly grabbing their lapels and launching into sermons. We don't want to have to watch you, either, they say—as if they were tied to trees with their eyes taped open along jogging trails. A few words extolling the virtues of eating and drinking, and their argument is complete.

But the motives are transparent, the arguments absurd. I know dozens of runners, hundreds of non-runners, and in my experience it is never runners who bring up the subject of exercise. Almost invariably the conversations start when someone asks, "Are you still running?" No matter that the person asking this knows quite well that you've been running for 20 years. What he would like to ask, the way he would phrase the question if he only had the nerve, is, "Everybody's entitled to an occasional aberration, but haven't you managed to cure yourself yet?"

But you haven't, so you mumble, "Yes, still at it," and hope he'll let it go at that.

I, for one, seldom have such luck. All too often I'm forced to listen to a detailed summary of the latest piece of deathless prose that explains how runners are ruining their feet, knees, backs, hearts, livers, kidneys. People over 40 can't stand the strain. A little extra weight is really good for you (40 pounds? I wonder). Runners get so tired their sex lives suffer. They get too much of this, too little of that. On it goes. Talk about bores.

To each his own, though, and the point is simply this. If you want to wear a corset instead of a belt, and if you choose to pickle your insides with martinis, go right ahead. It certainly isn't my concern. I don't want to hear about it, and I most assuredly don't need to know your opinions on what I and my kind choose to do.

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BOOKTALK

by ART HEL

A CHRISTMAS HINT: THIS TIME IS THE 'ULTIMATE' GIFT FOR A BASEBALL NUT

Christmas came early to Minnesota this year. I was sitting in the middle of the Mediterranean, brooding over the fact that, for the first time in 30 years, I was out of range and had missed the World Series, when along came a huge volume called *The Ultimate Baseball Book* (Houghton Mifflin, \$29.95). It is the book I wanted for Christmas—it is the book I have always wanted for Christmas.

The Ultimate Baseball Book is, as it happens, a Christmas book, a coffee-table book—one of those lavishly tomes that publishers with adroit timing bring out in the hope that they'll be snapped up by the affluent buyer seeking the perfect gift for the man or woman who has everything. This year the person who has everything is luckier than ever—if he or she is a baseball fan.

Coffee-table books, covering every conceivable subject from old Dubrovnik to the history of mayonnaise, have traditionally been notable for a wealth of pictures accompanied by text fashioned of famed oak by a bored or unimpaired craftsman. What did it matter? The books were meant to be displayed, exclaimed over and relegated to the bottom shelf of the bookcase before the Rose Bowl game. Or the Hula Bowl, at the outside. Nobody was expected to read them.

The Ultimate Baseball Book helms its provenance. True, it is faithful to the genre in that it is loaded with wonderful pictures, hundreds and hundreds of them covering American baseball from its father, Alexander Cartwright ("The only thing Abner Doubleday ever started," said Branch Rickey "was the Civil War"—Doubleday had aimed the first Union shot at Fort Sumter, to one of its latest favorite sons, Jim Rice. Along with countless photos of ballplayers, ancient and modern, there are also reproductions of baseball cards, programs, buttons, book and magazine covers and sheet music (including Mrs. Lou Gehrig's unforgettable *I Can't Get to First Base With You*). No doubt the illustrations will attract you first, and keep you opening the book right up to Opening Day. But *The Ultimate Baseball Book* is equally distinguished for its skillful text.

From the first chapter, Robert W. Creamer's expert reconstitution of the "prehistoric" Baltimore Orioles of the '90s, to George V. Higgins' rueful tribute to Fenway Park and the Red Sox, all the essays make marvelous reading. Wilfred Sheed tells how it was to be

a Philadelphia fan forever vexed by Connie Mack, the knifed manager who "served up only two kinds of teams, unbeatable and lousy." Philadelphia reporters, says Sheed, were intimidated by the very legend they had created. None of them dared question anything Mack said; he was not renowned for his wily integrity? And why? Because the reporters said he was. Jonathan Yanikay pays homage to Christy Mathewson (the best-loved ballplayer ever). John Leonard equates growing up left-wing with rooting for the Dodgers (the wretched of the earth, occasionally triumphing through sheer moral superiority). Mordecai Richler, perhaps the most eminent puberty authority around, describes going through same with minor league ball and the old Montreal Royals. And there's Tom Wickes's poem to Enos Slaughter and his lament that "Country" has failed to make the Hall of Fame. Roy Blount Jr.'s meditations on the enigmatic Joe DiMaggio, and Red Smith's shteterna to Pepper Martin, who "looked like an oversized bird of prey. When he ran he took flight, wings beating, beak splitting the wind, and when he stole a base he swooped down on it with a predator's headlong dive." Gems, every one.

The most surprising prose in the book is David Nemec's running account of the history of the game. It covers the ground, year by year, without ever deteriorating into the drab recitation of names and numbers one expects in this sort of thing. Nemec gives every season an essence of its own, and includes an abundance of the curious facts that are the permanent agenda of the eternal forum that reconvenes every time two or more baseball fans assemble at my house or yours. Curious fact: Jack Sheehan, Brooklyn, 1920, is the only player to match his lifetime regular-season hit total—two—with a like number on the World Series.

Beware, forgive me, I almost forgot to mention William Wallace's "Anthem," the book's opening sally—a 14-verse poem consisting entirely of the nicknames of 259 ballplayers. I wish I had written either it or *The Waste Land*. To whet the appetite, here is the first verse:

*Catfish, Mudcat, Ducky, Coor
The Babe, The Barber, The Blade, The
Brat.
Wandy, Dummy, Gabby, Hoot
Big Train, Big Six, Big Ed, Fat*

I am bewitched by *The Ultimate Baseball Book*. I have read it all, but I suspect it will be years before I really finish reading it. And here is a suggestion for Daniel Okrent and Harris Lewine, who edited it with such loving care: when you issue the second edition some years hence, bring it up-to-date, sure, but keep what you have. This book can only get thicker, not better.

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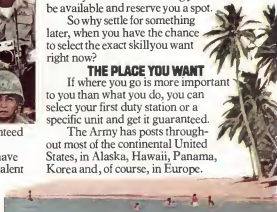
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Shopwalk

by ANITA VERSCHOTEN

LET IT SNOW. LET IT BLOW. YOU CAN STILL GO ON THIS MOPED WITH SKIS

There's an old saying that goes, "Every mile is two in winter," and it may be especially true this winter. Consider this forecast in *The Old Farmer's Almanac* for the Northern Great Plains: "Jan. will be cold and snowy, with western sections experiencing blizzards and extreme cold." For outdoor enthusiasts who can't afford a snowmobile and think cross-country skiing is plain hard work, it looks as if there won't be much to do to fight the winter blues but sit around and sip hot toddies. Unless, of course, they decide to splurge a little and buy a Sno-Runner, the new winter fun machine.

The Sno-Runner is a clever little snow bike, a sort of moped on skis that darts and circles like a squirrel. It was invented by Royce Husted, a 34-year-old engineer who lives in a Chicago suburb and knows all about the winter blues. A few months ago Chrysler began manufacturing the bike, and so far its plant in Hartford, Wis. has produced more than 15,000 Sno-Runners, at a rate of 250 a day. Chrysler sells them primarily through motorcycle dealers in the Midwest and Northeast. The bikes go for \$645 to \$700, well below the \$2,000 to \$3,400 cost of a snowmobile.

The Sno-Runner has a steering ski in front, attached to the steering column, and a drive ski in back that consists of two parts: a sliding ski joined to a gripper track at the rear. The chain-driven gripper uses 21 molded polyurethane cleats to propel the bike through the snow. "The cleats are only there to push," says Husted. "All the support comes from the sliding surfaces. It's a sliding vehicle and not at all like a snowmobile, which travels on a tread like an army tank. A ski, I feel, is still the most efficient way to move on snow."

Otherwise, the Sno-Runner is much like a moped, with handlebar controls consisting of a throttle on the right and a brake lever on the left. The tube that connects the steering column with the rear column also serves as a fuel tank and holds 1.3 gallons, enough to keep the 134 cc engine running for three hours. The bike has a top speed of 30 mph and gets about 70 miles per gallon. Though the bike's seat is large and well-cushioned, the ride is made even more comfortable by an ingenious shock-absorbing system—the rear ski has been hinged to the gripper track so expertly that together they act as a leaf spring that bends with the bumps. You can fly off a mogul without fear of hurting your back or bruising your funny. The Sno-Run-

continued

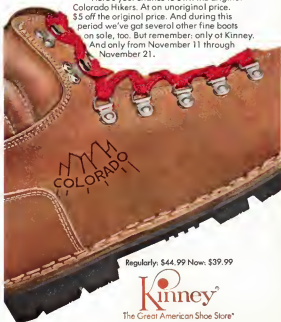
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SHOWWALK continued

ner is less noisy than a lawn mower and weighs only 72 pounds (a snowmobile tips in at around 400). Pull a few pins and the Sno-Runner breaks down into three parts, almost small enough for a shopping bag. Three Runners can fit in a large car trunk.

Husted says, "I wanted to scale down the snowmobile and provide an affordable, easily handled fun vehicle for all of us who live in the flatland snow areas."

Fun is what the Sno-Runner is all about. It can slide through the narrowest passages in the woods, fly across fields, shoot to the top of hills and bounce off mogals. And it can even carry a 200-pound rider or pull a 200-pound load on a toboggan. It works in deep powder, in which it trails a white cloud, or on the first thin blanket of snow. "We had a lot of fun riding it in frozen swamps with the reeds way over our heads," says Husted.

Hold out one foot for balance and, like a motorcycle, you can bank it sharply to take the tightest turns. Or kneel out and use one leg as a third ski. When it comes to agility, the Sno-Runner will beat any snowmobile. "Racing at 30 mph on a snow bike is really exciting," says Husted. "A snowmobile doesn't get exciting until you hit 85 mph." And if the bike gets bogged down in deep snow, you simply lift it out.

It took Husted and two partners 10 years to develop the snow bike. Husted had always wanted to be an inventor. "As a kid," he says, "I was always building little putter cars out of lawn mowers." To develop the snow bike, Husted started out by mounting a small engine on a regular ski which he connected to a throttle on a ski pole. The engine weighed 60 pounds, and it neatly pulled skis, plus skier, over flats and uphill. "We could go anywhere," says Husted. "We didn't need mountains or ski lifts. Then we thought of putting a seat on the ski."

It took five years just to develop the rear propulsion cleats, and there were times when Husted—who has poured most of his earnings as an engineer into the project—cried to sell his invention to snowmobile manufacturers. "It won't work," they told him. For Husted, the bike became an obsession.

When he finally perfected his prototype, he had no difficulty convincing Chrysler that it did indeed work. Now other companies, among them a Japanese firm, are planning to get into the snow-bike business.

Of course, the Sno-Runner is not a vehicle that the law would permit on a highway—partly because the sight of the bike tends to cause a commotion. One day last winter, as Husted and several friends rode their bikes in a field near a highway in Michigan, a number of cars pulled off the road to watch. "There was quite a crowd," says Husted, "and finally a policeman came and said, 'Look, you are not doing anything illegal, but would you please go back into the woods so we can get traffic moving again!'"

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A LIGHTHEARTED AND GRATIFYING LOOK
AT AN ADOLESCENT BECOMING A MAN

Terry Davis' first novel, *Vision Quest* (Viking, \$8.95), is computed by John Irving, the author of *The World According to Garp*, to *The Catcher in the Rye*. There's nothing unusual about that: every American first novel narrated by a high-school boy in search of himself is compared to *The Catcher in the Rye*. The difference here is that the comparison is justified: *Vision Quest* is a lovely little book, honest and funny and altogether true to life.

It is, to begin with, a novel about people so thoroughly decent and attractive that one wants to reach out and embrace them all. Loudon Swan, the narrator, is a high-school senior in Spokane who lives with his divorced father, an auto dealer, and who has two great purposes in life: to win his pivotal wrestling match against the formidable Gary Shute and to love his girl friend, Carla, with every ounce of his aching heart. "Having a serious girl friend is not all fun and games. There's responsibility in it." As he pursues those goals, he leaves the reader positively glowing.

Understand, there's nothing saccharine about Davis' tale. To the contrary, his people are real and believable precisely because he does not sentimentalize or condescend to them. *Vision Quest* is about a boy who laments "the short time I've got left to be a kid," reasoning that "in a few months the greatest time of my life would be over," but who has the surdness and common sense to know it's time "to put the high-school part of my life behind me." There's none of Selinger's teen-age self-pity here; Swan doesn't resent adults—he likes and tries to understand them, because he knows that before long he'll be one himself. His goal—his "vision quest," if you will—is to be a good one.

He also knows that before he gets to adulthood he has to pass the immediate challenge of adolescence, which in his case is to prepare himself to do the best possible job in his big match. Davis describes that preparation lovingly and exuberantly: the dieting to make weight, the long-distance running, the hard workouts in the smelly yet uniquely comfortable wrestling room.

The novel vibrates with the joy of sport and youth, of boys pushing themselves to whatever outer limits of excellence they possess. Their competition is tough but always friendly, their rivalries heated but never without respect. These kids are winners, and Carla is simply wonderful. So, for that matter, is *Vision Quest*.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

STEROIDS: THE GROWING MENACE

Four days after Grete Waitz' stunning performance in the New York Marathon, the International Amateur Athletic Federation banned seven women—three Romanians, two Bulgarians and two Soviets—from track and field competition for life for taking anabolic steroids. The contrast could scarcely be more pronounced. Waitz, who has stressed that she has never used steroids, paced nearly five minutes off her world record to win in 2:27:33, prompting Dr. Ken Foreman, a Seattle exercise physiologist who will be the U.S. women's track coach at the 1980 Olympics, to venture that with their ideal build for endurance running. "In the future I think women will be beating men in marathon races." Other experts agree that women are only beginning to tap their athletic potential.

The IAAF's action, however, comes as a reminder that instead of fulfilling that potential, some women are only too willing to blur the distinction between themselves and men by ingesting steroids, synthetic derivatives of the male hormone testosterone, which tend to give women greater muscle definition and other masculine characteristics. Those punished were a long jumper, a hurdler, two discus throwers and three middle-distance runners Bulgaria's Torka Petrova, the World Cup champion in the 1,500; Romania's Natalia Maravescu, the world-record holder in the mile; and Elena Sila, the world's third-ranked 1,500 runner behind Petrova and Maravescu.

At a time of growing concern over the use of drugs in sports, steroids are the most prevalent and worrisome of all. Prescribed in therapeutic doses, usually 5 mg a day, they are used to treat post-surgical patients and to combat pituitary dwarfism. In the 1960s steroids gained favor among body builders, wrestlers, weight lifters, football players and weight-event athletes who felt that massive dosages, up to 500 mg a day, would increase their muscle bulk, weight and strength. Now even athletes with slight builds, such as middle-distance runners,

believe steroids provide explosive power for sprinting at the end of races.

This may be the case, but in massive doses, steroids almost certainly cause liver damage in both sexes and, among men, shrinkage of the genitals and impotency. In women, steroids can produce a deepened voice, growth of facial and chest hair, clitoral enlargement, menstrual irregularities and impairment of reproductive capacity. Especially alarming in younger athletes is the possibility of premature bone ossification that can stunt growth. Added to the physical hazards is the ethical question of chemical manipulation of an athlete's body.

Detection techniques are fairly new, tests having been first conducted at the 1976 Olympics. Since then international federations have been testing athletes at major competitions, and the IAAF is particularly vigilant. In general, however, policing is limited by high cost and time constraints. Also, by going off steroids a few weeks before competing, athletes can usually avoid detection while still retaining what they believe to be the drug's benefits. Apparently owing to miscalculation, a number of them have nevertheless been caught, a clear majority being Eastern Europeans.

U.S. athletes are hardly innocent bystanders. Two of the six weight lifters disqualified at the Montreal games were Americans. One reason the U.S. has been spared major scandal is that little testing has been done here. But trackmen in Southern California make regular runs to Mexico, where the drug is sold over the counter. Speaking strictly of male athletes, Al Cantello, the Naval Academy track coach, says, "Every top-flight trackman in the U.S. takes steroids." Chuck DeBus, coach of the 1979 national AAU and AIAW championship track and field teams, estimates that 70% of all top-ranked U.S. track athletes, men and women, use steroids. Noting the gap between American and Eastern European women in track events, DeBus says, "I don't mean this to sound like sour grapes,

but it's tough to beat them with their steroids. In the Communist countries they are being used scientifically."

One knowledgeable U.S. observer, David Costill, exercise physiologist at Ball State University, says, "It's our American anti-Communist mentality to blame everything on the governments of those countries, but their officials are as much against steroids as anybody. What happens is, a coach or an athlete wants to try it and see if he can succeed."

Indeed, last week a Soviet sports official said, "What can we do? Steroids are freely available at our pharmacies, on prescription, which is not difficult for a trainer or athlete to obtain."

As disturbing as the prospect may be, what is needed is the authority to conduct spot checks of athletes in training. In the absence of routine international spot checks, U.S. sports governing bodies should consider introducing their own testing procedures, while at the same time taking steps to provide alternatives to drugs.

U.S. athletes take steroids partly out of frustration over the supposed disadvantages under which they labor. But the fact is that the Soviets and East Germans probably succeed in sports less because of steroids than because of their advances in the selection and training of athletes. "If athletes have confidence in their training program, they won't feel they have to resort to drugs," says Dr. Irving Dardik, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Committee's Sports Medicine Committee.

In a recent interview with *The Washington Post*, former UCLA women's track coach Pat Connolly said, "The use of steroids does—I hate to say this, but it's true—make freaks out of women. Women are beautiful creatures the way God made them, and they can do a lot of things tremendously well. We don't even have any idea of how well we can do some things because we haven't been trying very long. But by taking male hormone, a woman is really changing what she is all about."

CONTINUED

SOLD OUT

Trouble is brewing in the form of an alleged ticket-scalping scheme at USC. According to former Trojan football players interviewed by Bill Brubaker of *The Miami News*, USC Assistant Coach Marv Goux sold their 50-yard-line tickets, face value up to \$10, for an average of \$50 apiece.

In its copyrighted story, the *News* quoted New England Running Back Sam Cunningham, Tampa Bay linebackers Richard Wood and David Lewis, Buffalo Tight End Joe Shipp, Chicago Quarterback Vince Evans and Cincinnati Safety Marvin Cobb, all of whom played for USC between 1970 and 1977, as being "grateful" to Goux for the ticket sales. Varsity players were given four midfield tickets for each game, the maximum allowed by the NCAA, with an option to buy four more. Unwanted tickets would be turned in to Goux, who, the story said, would sell them.

Wood, a three-time All-America, described the procedure this way: "At the start of the season, at a team meeting, Coach Goux would ask us, 'Do you want the tickets or do you want to sell 'em?' I'd say, 'Sell 'em. . . .' We'd pick up the tickets the week of the game, then tell Coach Goux what we wanted sold. Coach Goux never made any promises. He said, 'I'll get you the best I can get you.' So Coach Goux sold the tickets, then gave us the money."

When apprised of the allegations, David Berns, the NCAA's director of enforcement, said he'd "never encountered an organized effort by a coach selling tickets for a number of youngsters at above face value." Berns labeled it a violation of two NCAA rules, one which prohibits benefits not made available to the student body in general, the other making athletes receiving unauthorized money ineligible to play.

Several of the players also said that Head Coach John Robinson knew about the scalping, and Shipp recalled Robinson saying in 1977, "When you get out of the university, don't talk to reporters about the ticket situation, because you're only going to hurt your fellow people."

In response, Robinson told Brubaker, "I think it was common practice back a number of years ago. . . . Since I've been here, there has been no organized operation, as such, to sell players' tickets."

For his part, Goux vigorously denies the allegations. "I'm a coach. . . I've

never helped them sell their tickets."

At least one former USC star said he doesn't know if Goux scalped tickets. "I'm not saying he did or he didn't," said O. J. Simpson. "I really don't know because I never had to use Coach [Goux]. I did pretty good with tickets myself." Pressed for details, Simpson demurred. "I don't want to answer that because I don't want our national championship taken away."

USC Athletic Director Dr. Richard Perry announced that the school will conduct an investigation. In all likelihood, so will the NCAA.

OSTER STEW

Back in 1930, Stanford University adopted the Indian as its athletic symbol. Seven years ago, bowing to pressure from native American groups, the Indians be-



came the Cardinals—not the religious or feathery type, just the non-aligned color, also known as Stanford Red.

But that was only temporary. Since then the university has been trying to come up with a new moniker. In the most recent campus poll, Trees emerged as the favorite, slightly ahead of Gryphons, though neither won a majority.

We'd like to pass along the suggestion of Lin Wright, associate director of university relations at Mississippi State, who has thoroughly researched the mascot literature and found that the oyster has been overlooked. Oysters, Wright insists,

readily lend themselves to mascotry. For instance, Oystermermen could root for their abductor-mussel offense and their hard-shell defense. Wide receivers could be renamed Oyster catchers, team supporters could be Oysters Rockefeller and cultivate pearls to raise money. Even the pep yell would be a natural, with a cheering squad of Oysterettes chanting on the sideline. "Oysters, oysters! Raw! Raw! Raw!"

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

Visitors to next summer's Olympic Games in Moscow may be struck by the absence of children. The Education Ministry would "neither confirm nor deny" rumors that Moscow will be childless, but a Ministry spokeswoman conceded, "Yes, that's right. Children aged seven to 15 who aren't going to Pioneer camp or staying with relatives in the country will have to leave Moscow. The school will be setting up summer camps for them outside the city."

It isn't unusual for Moscow parents to send their children away for the summer, either to Pioneer camps, which are sponsored by the trade unions, or to stay with country relatives. But even university students have been told that exams will be administered in May, a month earlier than usual, and unless they are helping with Olympic preparations, they may have to spend the summer elsewhere.

There has been no official explanation for the pressure to clear the city of its youth, but three reasons come to mind: such an exodus of almost a million people will reduce the congestion that is expected during the Games; it will ease the concern of officials who would be embarrassed by young people pestering tourists for hard-to-come-by commodities, such as chewing gum and blue jeans; and, with some 300,000 foreigners in Moscow, it will cut down on what the Soviets call "ideological contamination."

THEY SAID IT

• **Bum Phillips**, Houston Oilers coach, assessing the talents of Running Back Earl Campbell: "Earl may not be in a class by himself, but whatever class he's in, it doesn't take long to call the roll."

• **Ernie Holmes**, former Pittsburgh Steeler tackle, explaining his decision to embark on a professional boxing career: "When Ali put down his gloves and picked up his fork, I put down my fork and picked up my gloves." **END**

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THERE'S A RED



Ben's Quarterback Steadman Stealy set a rushing record of 190 yards in beating Mississippi State

Last Friday Nebraska Football Coach Tom Osborne was distractedly shuffling papers around his desk as he talked about his team. "We're not unbeatable," he said, "but we're pretty good. I guess to be great, though, to be No. 1, a team has to be able to play poorly and still win. You've got to be able to survive a fumbled kickoff or something like that. And you have to be a little bit fortunate."

Then Osborne put his squad on a plane for Columbia, Mo., where the next day the Cornhuskers played poorly against Missouri—among other things, they blew a 14-point lead in an eight-second span—and fumbled a kickoff. But they were a little bit fortunate, winning 23-20. Which makes them great? Perhaps. Which makes them No. 1? Perhaps.

After all, for a team hot on the trail of a national championship—as 8-0 and No. 2-ranked Nebraska most certainly is—overcoming adversity is second in importance only to winning every game. Indeed, among the nation's six most notable undefeated teams—all of which are holding up their index fingers with some justification—three of them had to show championship mettle Saturday to win. No. 6 Florida State required two second-half touchdown passes by backup Quarterback Wally Woodham and an eight-yard run by Mike Whiting with 1:38 to play to get past Cincinnati (2-6) 26-21. No. 4 Houston needed two final-period TDs—a 14-yard run by Terrell Clark and a seven-yard pass from Delnick Brown to Leon Felder—to defeat TCU (2-6) 21-10. And Nebraska required a miracle, getting it when Missouri (4-4), on the last play of the game and with the ball on the Huskers' 11, disdained a near-certain game-tying field goal in favor of a vain attempt to score the winning touchdown. Three weeks ago Alabama,

continued

ALERT

In the debate over who's on top—Alabama, Nebraska, USC, Ohio State, Houston or Florida State—one point is clear: No. 1 wears red by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

which seemingly has a death grip on the No. 1 spot, got behind 17-rip to (then 4-1) Tennessee (now 4-3) before rallying. No. 5 Ohio State has had to stage frantic comebacks against both Minnesota (now 4-4-1) and UCLA (now 3-5).

And the No. 3 Southern Cal Trojans, the seemingly invincible golden boys who were supposed to run off with the national title, failed to halt a second-half surge by unranked Stanford four weeks ago and paid for it with a 21-23 tie. The Trojans were summarily dropped from the No. 1 spot in both major polls—the AP, in which writers vote, and the UPI, in which coaches vote—and now have only the slimmest chance of reclaiming the ranking before the end of the regular season.

With six undefeated teams holding down the top six positions in the AP poll, only one thing is certain to be No. 1 this year: a team must wear some shade of red. Alabama wears crimson while Houston, Nebraska and Ohio State are arrayed in scarlet. USC wears cardinal; and Florida State's color is garnet.

But among those wearing the requisite color, who really is No. 1?

The wire services say Alabama. Bill Dooley, coach of Virginia Tech, whose team has been rocked two years running by the Tide, says, "There's no difference between drowning in the Pacific and drowning in the Atlantic, but this year's Alabama team is better than last year's. I'd vote the Tide No. 1." Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder ranks USC tops, followed by 'Bama, Ohio State and Nebraska. Mori Ohlson, editor and publisher of *The Gold Sheet*, viewed by many as the bible of football information also plumps for Southern California. "We feel USC would be favored over any team in the country if the game were played right now," he says.

"I don't know," says Osborne. "I think it's like four blind men trying to describe an elephant. It depends where you're standing." That's what he says; he votes, however, for his Cornhuskers. At Florida State, Coach Bobby Bowden says, "Everybody is closing the gap on everybody."

All talk about No. 1 must start with Al-

abama. When USC faltered, then-No. 2 'Bama was promoted into the top spot. "It's nice to be No. 1," says Tide Coach Bear Bryant, "but it doesn't mean a hill of beans at this stage of the game. Yet, being No. 1 is like courting a girl. Once you get your hands on her, you never want to let her get away." Bryant knows. Just last season, half of the old girl got away—the UPI half, which went to USC—although the AP awarded the Tide its version of the national championship.

While all coaches are given to saying that it's not important where a team starts in the rankings but where it ends up, that's not true. To the contrary, the most significant factor in the final ratings may be the preseason poll. Witness the enviable position Alabama finds itself in.

If 'Bama isn't beaten or tied, it will end the season as national champ—never mind that a persuasive case can be made that the Tide is only the third- or fourth-best team in the country. It's a lockout, because 'Bama was the No. 2 preseason choice in the AP poll. As soon as USC was tied, Alabama moved to the top, there to remain until it slips up. Even if Nebraska finishes 11-0, which means it must beat Oklahoma on Nov. 24, the only chance the folks in Lincoln would have to legitimately shout "We're No. 1!" would be for the Huskers to play—and beat—Alabama in the Orange Bowl. That's a possibility. Which is more than Ohio State has. Even if the Buckeyes roll on, beating Michigan and finishing 11-0, No. 1 is a pipe dream in Columbus. It matters not a whit that both Oklahoma and Michigan are tougher than any three teams put together on Alabama's schedule. 'Bama got there first.

Bob Devaney, athletic director at Nebraska, correctly says that the best way to get to be No. 1 is to start out there in September and win every week. If not, then a team must wait for the team or teams ahead of it to be beaten. The voting is by rote. It's like a very conservative corporation in which the vice-president invariably becomes president even though the treasurer might be far better qualified.

Which, in a year like this, is too bad. That's mostly because, simply put, Alabama has a creampuff schedule. The Tide has not had, and will not have, a rigorous test of its considerable skills during the regular season. Its opponents have a cumulative record of 21-33-2, a winning percentage of .393; the NCAA has added up the numbers and found that

After scoring Nebraska's first TD, Redwine was injured and Missouri almost pulled off an upset



Alabama is playing only the 106th most difficult schedule in the country. (See box on page 40 for how the Top Six undefeateds have compared so far this season.) This is understandable, because 'Bama has rushed out to do battle with the likes of Wichita State and Virginia Tech. Bryant, a man given to mumbling when sensitive issues are brought up, mumbles, "I make no apology for Wichita State." Well, he should.

In fairness, Alabama doesn't always go for the runts. Last year, for example, both Southern Cal and Nebraska were on the Tide's schedule. But in their places this season are Wichita State (1-8) and Georgia Tech (2-5-1). After blitzing another newcomer, Baylor, 45-0, Bryant grumped, "Our offense never established that much consistency." So, you can see, it's not always wise to take everything Bryant says at face value.

Another reason for Alabama's soft schedule is the weakened condition of the SEC this year. The conference's members—save 'Bama—are playing their poorest football in recent memory. The team with the league's best record aside from Alabama is Georgia (4-0 in the SEC, but 0-4 in non-conference games), which lost 31-0 to Virginia, an ACC also-ran, last Saturday. Georgia and Alabama will not play each other this season. If Georgia defeats its two remaining SEC opponents, the Bulldogs, who have not been to the Sugar Bowl since 1977, will get the tickets to New Orleans this year, because 'Bama has been there more recently.

All of which is terribly unfair to the Tide players, who wouldn't call in sick if asked to meet Nebraska or Ohio State out behind the stands some afternoon this fall, or anywhere on New Year's Day. Alabama has been beset with injuries, including one to its best offensive player, Running Back Major Ogilvie, who has been out two weeks with a muscle pull in his pelvis. But the Crimson Tide is good and deep. Emory Ballard, the Mississippi State coach, says, "You don't lose much when injuries hit you and you replace a horse with a horse."

Tide offensive coordinator Mul Moore admits, "It doesn't seem we have a weakness. Which I can't explain, because we don't have a lot of great players." Junior Defensive Tackle Byron Braggs says, "If you need a reason for our success, it's Coach Bryant." Yup, some things never change. One is that Bryant will mess up



Sophomore Quarterback Schlotter has had a big role in Ohio State taking out the preseason pollsters

pronouncing the names of his players; the other is that he sure gets them to play. The Tide defense, for example, is giving up only five points per game.

That figure was only slightly exceeded in Saturday's 24-7 conference victory over Mississippi State, the Tide's 21st straight SEC win. It was also its 17th victory in a row, the longest streak in or out of conference in the nation. 'Bama's star of the game was Steadman Shealy, who ran for 190 yards to break the school's quarterback rushing record set by Pat Trammell in 1959. One State player, Defensive Back Kenny Johnson, was unimpressed. "They're not No. 1 in my mind," he said. "The writers and coaches may not think they can be beat, but they can." Bryant agreed, saying, "We

won, but I'm not too sure we beat them." Whatever, the fact remains that it's not Alabama's fault that Mississippi State isn't ranked.

Alabama isn't the only high-ranked team with a weak schedule. Ohio State's opponents are just marginally better, with a 28-40-2 record, which means the Buckeyes are playing only the 103rd hardest schedule in the country. Nebraska opponents are 28-30-1, and Devaney admits, "We can point to Alabama's schedule but we can't really defend ours." True. The major blights on the Husker state this year are Utah State and New Mexico State.

Tradition also has a lot to do with determining who's No. 1. Voting for 'Bama is sort of a knee-jerk reaction. A lot of

continued

HOW THE SIX BIG UNBEATENS MATCH UP

With the college season two-thirds over, fans of the teams ranked below Alabama can't under statistics to buttress their arguments that their favorites, not the Crimson Tide, should be No. 1.

AP Rank	Team	Record	Rank (by opponents played*)	Opponents (W-L average*)	Points		Yards		Dominance ratio (yards gained—yielded)
					Scored†	Yielded†	Gained†	Yielded†	
1	Alabama	8-0-0	106	393	37.6	5.0	449.9	179.6	2.5
2	Nebraska	8-0-0	68	483	37.1	10.2	435.6	190.4	2.4
3	UNC	8-0-1	52	529	33.2	13.8	466.8	313.4	1.5
4	Houston	8-0-0	54	526	23.5	11.2	374.1	267.2	1.4
5	Ohio St.	9-0-0	103	414	35.8	9.7	430.6	272.0	1.6
6	Florida St.	8-0-0	28	579	24.9	12.0	346.9	232.0	1.5

* Dominance ratio

† Per game, except

† Per game, except

folks from places other than Alabama think that Bryant holds unfair sway over the media and coaches, that he is so powerful and mystical that those who vote in the polls believe he can look them in the eye and tell how they voted. Even better proof of the tradition theory is the example of Ohio State, where what is now being called the Reign of Terror of Woody Hayes has ended after 28 seasons.

Hayes' successor is the amiable Earle Bruce. The Buckeyes weren't highly regarded at the start of the season—they weren't even ranked by the AP—but they probably would have been had King Woody still been on the throne. "Heck, we have a lot of talent," says Ohio State Guard Ken Fritz, "but I guess people didn't think any coach could put this team back together in one year."

Sadly, another key factor in No. 1ism is margin of victory. That is carefully calculated by voters, but it's highly unreliable. While some coaches run up the score, others—like Bryant, in most cases—try to remember what it's like to be stomped. 'Bama fans, an unusually silent bunch in comparison to, say, Nebraska or Florida State rooters, are also spoiled. After whumping Virginia Tech 31-7 in a game in which the margin of victory could have been far wider, the prevailing feeling among the Tide faithful was, "What's wrong?"

Comparisons with common opponents also are inexact. For example, Alabama's toughest game so far has been against Tennessee, which the Tide defeated 27-17 on Oct. 20. Tennessee got beat by Rutgers 13-7. Ergo, Rutgers is the equal of Alabama? Nebraska defensive coordinator Lance Van Zandt says, "I could

probably show you by comparison that Rice is better than Southern Cal. But I don't think that's true."

There are four other NCAA Division I-A unbeaten, but they obviously don't have No. 1 potential except in the eyes of their alumni. Brigham Young has the statistics—a scoring average of 40.7 points per game and an offense that averages 525.1 yards every time it goes on the field—but the Cougars are members of the WAC and simply don't command the necessary voting power in the polls. Yale and McNeese State have spirit; Central Michigan has a tie.

How do each of the Top Six make a case for being No. 1?

For Alabama, it's easy. The Tide is Nebraska points to statistics nearly as good as 'Bama's against a tougher schedule. Missouri is a case in point. Before the season the Tigers were considered equal to challenging for the Big Eight title, that opinion was wrong. Still, Missouri always plays Nebraska tough. In fact the Tigers had won four of the last six meetings between the two teams. Last Saturday it looked like it might be five of seven. In an eight-second 14-point Missouri scoring spree in the third quarter, Quarterback Phil Bradley connected on a fourth-down four-yard scoring pass to Tight End Andy Gibler to bring the Tigers to within eight points of the Huskers. On the ensuing kickoff, Nebraska's returner, Anthony Steels, was blasted by Missouri's Ron Fellows, the ball popped in the air, and the Tigers' Orlando Pope grabbed it and went 17 yards for another TD. The two-point conversion was

Florida State's solid defense is built around Sorenson



successful, and the game was tied at 20.

The Huskers knew they were in plenty of trouble. Their star, gifted I Back Jarvis Redwine, had slightly strained his right knee blocking on the point-after attempt following the second Husker touchdown and was of little use the rest of the day. More than any one player, Redwine is responsible for Nebraska aspiring to No. 1 in 1979. He's so good he has relegated I M. Hipp, the school's all-time leading rusher, to the second team. But Hipp was also hurt, having a sprained toe. Still, Nebraska got right back to the Missouri three, thanks to the running of third-string I Back Craig Johnson—proof positive that the Huskers have the depth a No. 1 team requires. But three running plays from there netted only a yard, and kicker Dean Sukup came in to boot his third—and winning—field goal. Missouri's upset hopes were dashed when Nebraska Defensive End Derrie Nelson wrapped up Bradley before he could unloose a pass on the final play of the game. "We needed a game like this," said Redwine. "There's no stopping us now."

Southern Cal can only hope and wait. Even winning the Pac-10, going to the Rose Bowl and beating, say, Ohio State probably won't get the Trojans back on top if Alabama keeps on winning. Still, Washington State Coach Jim Walden says of USC, "There's no better team in the nation." His Cougars lost to the Trojans 50-21. Against Arizona last weekend USC was its old self, dismantling the Wildcats 34-7 behind a record-breaking performance by left-handed Quarterback Paul McDonald, who passed for 380 yards and three touchdowns.

The polls may be cruellest of all to Houston. For while the SEC and the Big Eight, among the major conferences, are clearly below par, the Southwest is its usual prepotent self. If the Cougars can win the conference title—and Texas will be a big test this Saturday—then Houston has proved it is one fine football team. But neither its reputation nor its image are gloss enough. Worse, if Houston wins the league, it will go to the Cotton Bowl, where it has only an outside chance of facing a team higher ranked than itself. "Houston," says a skeptic, "will be No. 1 when the ocean wears rubber pants to keep its bottom dry."

For Ohio State, there is only hope. "We're real good," says sophomore Quarterback Art Schlichter, who directed the Bucks to a 44-7 win over Illinois

last Saturday. "What I hope is we'll be great." Says Coach Bruce, "I don't know if we have the talent to be 9-0, but the players believe they do." Washington State's Walden, whose team also was whipped by Ohio State, gives Bruce and his staff high marks for making the players "think they are better than they really are."

For Florida State, the row to hoe is even longer because it is an independent and can command no sympathy vote from conference boosters. The Seminoles' strategy is to point to its schedule. Among the undefeated six, the Seminoles had played the hardest slate going into last Saturday's games, the seventh roughest in the nation. Florida State was the only team among the buggies whose op-

ponents had won more than they lost this year (28-23). A poor running game diminishes the Seminoles' credibility. But their defense, led by outstanding Nose-guard Ron Simmons, and an imposing passing game save the day, as it did last Saturday. Yet, Florida State still is not thought of as a big-enough football power—even though it is—to get serious national championship consideration. Which doesn't stop its players or fans from dreaming.

Nebraska Cornerback Andy Means sees the picture clearly when he says, "You've got to figure that by the end, there'll probably be one undefeated team." Good guess. But for now there are six, and they are all chanting the same chant. And believing it.

END

Woodham came in for Jordan to pass the Seminoles to a come-from-behind victory over Cincinnati



THESE THREE KINGS ARE UNBEATABLE

L.A.'s Marcel Dionne, Charlie Simmer and Dave Taylor, the NHL's hottest line, have all the stats but no name

by E. M. SWIFT

Great hockey lines are named, not born. Skaters are thrown together, and if they accomplish something memorable, they eventually get a title. And it is the name—The Production Line of Gordie Howe, Ted Lindsay and Sid Abel; The Kraut Line of Milt Schmidt, Bobby Bauer and Woody Dumart; The French Connection of Gilbert Perreault, Rene Robert and Richard Martin—that becomes part of the sport's lexicon.

Right now the Los Angeles Kings are scratching their heads and trying to come up with a fitting appellation for the trio of Center Marcel Dionne, Right Wing Dave Taylor and Left Wing Charlie Simmer, which has been collecting goals in great regal bunches while leading L.A. to a 7-4-2 record. Through Sunday, Dionne (14 goals, 19 assists) stood first, Simmer (14, 11) second and Taylor (9, 14) third in the NHL scoring race, and as a line they had amassed an astounding 37 goals and 44 assists in the Kings' first 13 games. And while 13 games does not immortality make, since Jan. 13—the day Simmer was brought up from the minors to play with Dionne and Taylor—the threesome has scored at least one point in 51 straight regular-season games and at least one goal in 49 of the 51.

No wonder the Kings are sponsoring a name-the-line contest. Thus far they have received such offerings as "the Crown Jewels," "the Family Jewels" and "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly." Dionne has agreed to be The Ugly. The L.A. press, citing a lack of offense from the Kings' other lines, has expressed a preference for "The Only Line." Somehow, What's My Line? seems as good as any.

Which leads to the next question: Who is Charlie Simmer? And don't reply that he and Dionne are the leading goal scorers in the NHL, because that's an overstatement, not an answer. At his current pace he'd finish the season with 85, and the record is 76. Everyone knows about Dionne, the full-cheeked, round-bodied Lit-

tle Beaver whose record over the past eight seasons (327 goals, 464 assists, 791 points) trails that of Montreal's far more heralded Guy Lafleur (355-461-816) by a mere 25 points. And many fans are even aware of Taylor, who became an NCAA legend in 1976-77, his senior year at Clarkson, when he scored 108 points in only 28 games. Last season he had 43 goals for the Kings. But Charlie Simmer?

Simmer, who failed in earlier stints with the lowly and now-defunct California Seals and Cleveland Barons, was recalled from the minors when the Kings were beset with injuries. "When I came up, they told me I'd play regular until I won the job or lost it," says Simmer. "No pressure, right? So in my first game, Marcel goes crazy against Detroit—I barely touched the puck all night—but in the last minute I got an assist on his fourth goal. The next night in Boston, it was the Davy Taylor show. He stashed two goals and I got two assists. It went on from there."

Simmer scored at least one point in each of his first nine games, whereupon he finally moved his belongings to the land of Hang Ten Shampoo. "My first four goals either bounced in off my shin

pads or I kicked them in," he recalls. "But I was scoring better here than I had been in the minors. I don't really know why. Dionne and Taylor, of course, were the main reasons. Maybe it was the adrenaline, the eating in good restaurants, the living in a good town, the better pay. I kind of wanted to stay."

During the last 38 games of the '78-'79 season, the Dionne-Simmer-Taylor line became the most productive in hockey, scoring 169 points. Dionne took the second-half scoring title, and Simmer had 21 goals and 27 assists. Over the summer the question around L.A. was whether Simmer's performance had been a fluke. "In the back of your head you remember all the guys who scored 50 goals and were never heard of again," he says. "There was a lot of, 'Well, sure, but anybody can play with Dionne.' Well, anybody's not playing with Dionne. I am."

In this season's first game, the Line With No Name picked up where it had left off. Simmer scored two goals and two assists in the Kings' 4-4 tie with Detroit, then had at least one goal in each of the next five games.

It simply is not true that "anybody can play with Dionne," and no one knows it better than L.A. Coach Bob Berry. "Management had never been able to find someone to play the left side with Marcel," he says. "First, Marcel has to respect you as a player or he won't give you the puck. They even tried me with him for a while a few years ago, but I never had the speed or anticipation to play with him. I'd ask him, 'Where do you want me to go in their end?' Some centers like to tell

Simmer, Dionne and Taylor (left to right) are scoring a torrid 29 goals and 62 points per game





Simmer, who likes to work near the goalmouth, beat Ranger John Davidson twice in L.A.'s 4-2 win.

you. Marcel said, 'Go wherever the hell you want and I'll find you.'"

One reason Taylor clicked so well with Dionne when they were paired in 1977-78, Taylor's rookie season, was that Dionne immediately respected him, perhaps because Taylor was not so much in awe of Dionne that he abandoned his own game. "You can give Dave the puck and he'll carry it," Dionne says. "He stopped me from having to do too many things. If I'm not playing with a good goal scorer, I'm trying to do it all myself."

Last week against Boston, Taylor came down the ice one-on-one against rookie Defenseman Brad McCrimmon. Knowing Taylor's game, Dionne headed for the net. As Taylor broke along the boards, McCrimmon grabbed his stick. Without breaking stride, Taylor reached down and twice pushed the puck ahead with his glove until he could get his stick free. As he slipped into the corner, Taylor passed the puck out front, where Dionne, in full stride, swept it past Yves Belanger.

Like Simmer, Taylor has been a con-

siderable surprise to the Kings, having been drafted 210th in 1975. "He's so aggressive and he inspires the team, because you can't intimidate him," says Dionne. "People who say he scored 43 goals only because he played with me are wrong. He could do it with anybody."

Intimidation is something the 5' 7½", 190-pound Dionne has long had to endure. At one point last season, following a brawl against Philadelphia, he talked about quitting the game. Not out of fear, mind you, but disgust. "I wasn't born to put a stick in another guy's face," he says. "Nobody minds getting hit hard, but somebody who tries to intimidate you with his stick in your face all night . . . why? It's kid stuff. Because a guy's skillful and a beautiful skater, why should you take him out of the game?"

Dionne, who wasn't named Beaver because of any special eagerness to labor diligently at both ends of the ice, but because Gordie Howe noted a likeness between Dionne and the little Indian in the Red Ryder comic strip, says, "People have always said, 'Dionne's just a one-way player.' Well, now that I'm with these guys, I can play some defense, too. What we have on our line is three honest hard workers." He suddenly begins to laugh. "But I'm probably the worst."

As a team, the Kings not only are scoring goals in heaps (60), but they are also leading the league in goals allowed (55). Last Thursday's 4-2 win over the Rangers was the first game all year in which they had held an opponent to fewer than three goals, and only once before that had they allowed fewer than four.

For now, no one in L.A. seems worried about the Kings' defensive shortcomings, at least not as long as the Line With No Name is hot. "We kid the guys about being The Only Line," Dionne says. "But hockey is a team game. You can't win with one line. So we named the rest of the guys The Other Line. Another Line and The End of the Line. It's in fun. I don't think they take the attention we're getting badly. One of my goals is to prove I'm a winner, as Lafeur has. There's nothing phony about what we're trying to do for the team."

Ah, The Party Line. Well, even if scouts once viewed the talents of Dionne's linemates as Border Line, there's nothing phony about what they've done in their first 51 games together.

END

TOO TALL ALMOST HAD TOO LITTLE

Ed Jones, late of the Cowboys, hoped for a more auspicious boxing debut, but the best he could do after a weird finish was to gain a majority decision over one Yequi Meneses **by WILLIAM NACK**

Three weeks ago, on a crisp October morning, Ed (Too Tall) Jones sat in a restaurant near Times Square alternately forking down a plate of tuna fish and draining a pitcher of iced tea, palming the pitcher like a basketball in his right hand. The 28-year-old former Dallas Cowboy defensive end had just finished another training session in the Times Square Boxing Club, a defiantly grim-faced gymnasium just around the corner on New York's 42nd Street. At 6' 9", 250 pounds he dwarfed the booth in which he sat and seemed, at that moment, to be the largest man on earth, almost as imposing as the air of calm and confidence that he exuded.

Here was a man who had succeeded in every athletic endeavor he had ever

undertaken. A fine high school first baseman in Jackson, Tenn.—he had offers to sign a professional contract—he was also a tremendous basketball player, a high school All-America with scholarship offers from most every major college. "I had a real good outside shot and could crash the boards real good," Jones said. Choosing football over basketball at Tennessee State, he learned the game from scratch—he had played it only briefly in high school—and by his junior year the pro scouts were aware of him. Dallas took him in the first round in 1974. Then he became an All-Pro. And now, in the fall of 1979, boxing was to be the fourth and final measure of the man. "This is my last go-round in professional sports," he said. It would begin soon, in a ring in

the Pan-American Center in Las Cruces, N. Mex., where he would meet one Jesus (Yasqui) Meneses, the 20-year-old son of a corn and cotton farmer in Obregón, Mexico. Jones placed his fork down and stared impassively across the table as a question about fear was posed.

"Of what?" he said.

"Of being knocked out."

"No. My only problem will be going in there overconfident. I'm the type who doesn't believe you can hurt me. This cat's got some knockouts. But I will walk into that ring saying, 'If he hits me with his best shot, he won't hurt me.' Sure, football prepared me. Guys will say, 'Ah, he had a helmet on.' But that's a bunch of bull. I know a lot of guys who get knocked out with helmets on. Man, you

Jones' huge advantages in height (seven inches), reach (10 inches), and weight (51½ pounds) forced Meneses to fight an uphill battle until the final round



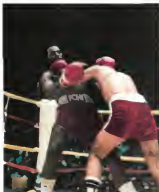
get some *hard* shots in football. But I've never been knocked out. Never been close. I could get overconfident and get tagged. But still, again, he won't hurt me. I guarantee he can't hurt me. If I had to go against Earnie Shavers tomorrow, I wouldn't be scared, and he's the hardest puncher in the business."

If character is an accumulation of painful experiences, as someone once suggested, then Jones was a better man last Saturday night than he was last Saturday morning. He beat Meneses on a majority decision that afternoon, winning the bout on points scored in the first four rounds, but not before Meneses hit him with two stinging left hooks in the sixth and last round, one a flagrantly illegal blow while Jones was down. Those punches left Too Tall walking like a giraffe with arthritis and plunged the fight into a swirl of controversy and confusion before a crowd of 9,100 and a nationwide television audience.

It all began when Meneses hooked Jones on the side of his head. The blow staggered Jones, leaving him off balance, startled and apparently hurt. Meneses then plowed into Jones, shoving him back with both hands. No offensive line-man ever had it so easy with Too Tall. He toppled backward, falling in his corner on the seat of his gorgeous burgundy-colored velvet trunks. Meneses loomed over him and, while Jones sat there, bent down and crashed a second hook to his cheek, snapping his head hard to the side. "Estaba bien excitado," the contrite Meneses would say. "No pense." (I was totally excited; I didn't think.)

At once Referee Buddy Basilio leaped in and ordered Meneses to a neutral corner. Basilio had seen the illegal chop, but at the time had thought it was "too light to affect the outcome of the fight." It was only later, after he had gone to the CBS truck to watch the replay, that he realized the strength of the blow. "In the ring I didn't think the second blow was devastating," he said, "but later I saw it was."

After ushering Meneses to a neutral corner, Basilio returned to Jones, who was still on the canvas. Basilio heard Bobby Serrano, the timekeeper for knockdowns, calling out "six . . . seven." As Serrano reached eight, Jones precariously gained his legs. "I'm not a physician, or anything like that, but Jones was in a semiconscious state," Basilio



In the sixth, a left and a push sent Jones to the canvas, but the really damning blow was illegal



Referee Basilio ruled that Griffith (below) also broke the rules by going to the aid of Too Tall

said. "You could just see it in his eyes."

As Basilio stood in front of Jones, Too Tall's trainer, Murphy Griffith, suddenly leaped upon the apron of the ring, outside the ropes—where it's illegal for a cornerman to go—and twice tried to flash what appeared to Basilio to be a capsule of ammonia under Jones' nose. Basilio twice pushed Griffith's hand away. Griffith would contend later that he was merely trying to wipe Jones' eyes with a piece of gauze. But Basilio, a former New York referee now working out of Las Vegas, scoffed at that explanation. "It looked to me like he had the

continued





Outweighed, Meneses took to outpunching Jones

TOO TALL *continued*

capsule under his nose," Basílico said.

To make things even more chaotic, while this was happening Meneses charged from his neural corner and went after Jones, who was still standing in dream city. "Meneses came out prematurely," Basílico said. "He's not supposed to come out until I wave him back and say, 'Box.' So I took him back to his corner. Actually I pushed him back. With the time he lost there, I think he could have taken Jones out. He lost precious seconds."

Basílico then wiped Jones' gloves—a standard procedure after a knockdown, because the gloves pick up resin that can burn an opponent's eyes—and waved Meneses back into the fight. TV reruns of the knockdown showed that the whole episode—from the initial knockdown to the resumption of fighting—consumed from 24 to 27 seconds, more than enough time, as it turned out, for Jones' cobwebs to vanish. He survived the rest of the round.

Basílico said he didn't disqualify either fighter because both sides circum-

vented the rules—Meneses by hitting Jones when he was down, Griffith by hopping up on the apron and trying to treat his fighter in the course of the bout. Basílico could not very well punish one side without punishing the other. And it all happened so fast. "They nullified each other," Basílico said.

The crowd, which had cheered roundly every time Meneses landed a blow, was enraged when the decision was announced—two officials narrowly favored Jones, the referee had it a draw—swailing balled-up programs into the ring and sending up choruses of boos.

Thus was Jones, formerly a member of perhaps the most organized football team in the most organized of national sports, initiated into the disorder that so often visits boxing. The last round, for all its confusion, actually provided a fitting climax to the events and circumstances leading up to the fight.

Three days before, on Wednesday, Too Tall was sparring at a Las Cruces recreation center when the plywood floor of the ring began crunching and buckling under his feet. "Stop the sparring," cried Griffith. "We're getting the hell out of here." Jones' manager, David Wolf, shifted the training site to a gym on the White Sands missile range, about 25 miles away and less than 100 miles from where the United States exploded the first atomic bomb. Too Tall posed for photographers among the display rockets, folding his arms and looking like one of them himself.

On Friday, the Jones-Meneses fight appeared to be in jeopardy when Wolf and Jimmy Montoya, Meneses' manager, almost engaged in an unscheduled bout in a motel lobby. Montoya had been aware that Jones was getting \$45,000 from the local promoter, Frank Mirabal, a Christmas tree salesman in real life, but claimed he hadn't known about the \$27,500 CBS was kicking in to Jones' kitty—making his purse \$72,500—and he wanted a piece of the TV money. Meneses was getting \$3,000 from Mirabal period. Montoya told reporters he would pull out if Wolf didn't share his share. Wolf was incensed, thinking that Montoya was trying to shake him down, and furious that Montoya had protested to reporters, making a public issue of it. "Had he come to me, I think we could have worked out an accommodation," Wolf said. "But I'm not going to be shaken down in public." The two met in the

lobby, belly to belly, while about 50 people gathered in a semicircle listening to their fruitless exchange.

Montoya didn't get the extra dough but, for Mirabal's sake, said the fight could go on. Even so, it was nap and tuck. On Saturday morning, hours before the bout, they were still setting up the ring. Within an hour of the start of the main event, after a kick-boxer fell out of the ring on his head, workmen hastily labored to tie the loose ropes together with lengths of clothesline. Unexplained was what a blindfolded swordsman, imitating a samurai, was doing in the ring before the fight, cutting in half a watermelon placed on the stomach of a supine man. The workmen then had to spend several minutes on their hands and knees swabbing up the juice and seeds from the mat. The man survived.

Jones, meanwhile, waited out the last couple of hours in his dressing room, more anxious than he had ever been before a football game. He had planned and trained methodically and carefully for this day, ever since he had decided two years ago to leave the Cowboys for the ring. It was something he had always wanted to do. As a kid, he had hung around gyms and followed the fight game. "I couldn't have done it out of college," he said. "Too many things I wanted to do. I wanted to travel a lot. You can't do that with boxing. It requires too much work. You don't have time for nothing else if you want to be any good. If you make it as far as I did in football—three Super Bowls in five years—you've got to love it. I loved it. I enjoyed playing while I played. But football was not number one. Boxing was. In the back of my mind, I knew one day I'd be boxing. And I decided two years ago I was ready to pay the price, make the sacrifice. I'm like a child again, finally doing something I always wanted to do."

Jones played out the last year of his contract and then in June formally quit football. He hired Wolf, who had handled Duane Bobick, and Griffith, the uncle of former welterweight and middleweight champion Emile Griffith. Wolf is a semiretired sports journalist who got into managing because he thought, like many journalists, that he could do better than the people he was writing about. Murphy Griffith served in the Navy for 31 years and spent much of his service time as a boxing instructor. "He's a beautifully patient man," Wolf said.

continued

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

He had to be with Jones, who knew almost nothing about boxing. The first day in the gym, July 5, Griffith looked over the goods. He had Jones show him his stance, his jab, his right. "From now on forget everything you thought you knew about boxing," Griffith announced. "You don't know anything. We're gonna start from scratch. From kindergarten. Do you have any vices?"

"I drink a whole lot of beer," said Jones, celebrated among the Cowboys for supposedly having consumed 48 cans of the stuff on a team flight home from Philadelphia to Dallas.

"No more of that," Griffith said.

What Griffith discovered he had was a 6' 9", 276-pound man with an 88-inch reach, exceptional power and agility, and extraordinary athletic ability and determination. "The intensity of his interest, the totality of his commitment was startling," Wolf said. Jones gave up beer, ran six miles a day, worked on strength-building equipment twice a week and slowly learned the rudiments of the game—the

jab, the right, later the hook, then combinations. He hit the bags and jumped rope. And his weight dropped from 276 to less than 250 (he weighed 255½ Saturday). While Wolf and Griffith figured Jones wouldn't be able to fight until early 1980, his progress was so encouraging that they decided to take the Meneses fight. Wolf had the fighter scouted in Mexico and found out that his record was 10-5—at least in those fights that were on record. Meneses is an aggressive young man of 6' 2", 204 pounds with a 78-inch reach and a nice hook at the end of it.

It was, financially, the most important athletic event that Jones had ever trained for. "For us, this has all the dimensions of a championship," Wolf said before the bout. "It may be only a debut, but it's a fight in which his market value will be defined for the future. We're very close to basics. A lot of work has gone into the jab, into teaching him to use his reach to his best advantage and into making him an effective offensive fighter. To be marketable, he not only

has to be a winner but a destroyer."

"I can't wait to get this one behind me," said Jones.

He almost ended up one behind. And he was embarrassed at having got tagged. Jones looked bewildered, as would anyone in his first fight. Meneses ran when Wolf thought he would attack, and Jones was lost, following Meneses around the ring instead of cutting it off. He moved like a robot, chugging mechanically after his man. He telegraphed his right. He forgot to jab, even with Griffith yelling from the corner, "Jab. . . Get off first. . . Jab!" And then he dropped his right when he did jab, opening himself up for the hook. Thus he took one in the ear. Jones says he wasn't hurt, but Basilio says you should have seen his eyes. But this was, of course, Jones' first time out, and he should benefit from it. He has everything to learn and nothing to forget. The sixth round was the harshest lesson of all. In the sweet science, fear of another man's hands is the beginning of wisdom.

END

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IN CHARGE IN SAN DIEGO

The "Boys' Life" version of Dan Fouts' career is 49er bell boy becomes Chargers' record-breaking quarterback. Now here's the real-life version **by RON FIMRITE**

Dan Fouts' football career would seem to lend itself to tidy, instructive little anecdotes. Indeed, the ingredients are there for a veritable anthology, were it not for the black-bearded protagonist's penchant for stepping on all the punch lines. Fouts, at 28, is currently the hottest quarterback in the NFL after some unseasonably cool years in San Diego. When he threw for 303 yards in the Chargers' stunning 45-22 loss to Oakland on Oct. 25, he became the first passer in NFL history to exceed 300 yards in four consecutive games, an accomplishment he predictably dismissed at the time with the gloomy observation, "It doesn't mean anything—we lost."

But with Fouts at the controls of the game's most diversified pass offense, the Chargers have not lost that often. After last Sunday's 20-14 win over Kansas City, they were 7-3 and shared the AFC West lead with Denver. Fouts leads the league in passing yardage and percentage of completions and, according to the NFL's Einsteinian formula for computing passing excellence, is No. 3 overall.

These are irrefutable facts. Consider

now the *Boys' Life* story. Fouts, a native San Franciscan, is the son of Bob Fouts, who was the play-by-play broadcaster for the 49ers in the 1950s and '60s, when Dan was growing up. The youngster was a ball boy for the team, mingling on the sidelines at old Kezar Stadium with the likes of John Brodie and Billy Kilmer. It was there, amid the down markers and the extra chin straps, that he first came under the scrutiny of his future high school coach, Vince Triangali, an old-school disciplinarian who would exert a profound influence in developing Fouts' singularly tough-minded approach to the game.

"A coach just naturally looks all over the field," says Triangali, "and so I noticed this kid on the sidelines throwing the ball back to the referee. I didn't know who he was, but I could see he had a heck of an arm."

A pretty fair story; ball boy vows to become professional football star himself after taking inspiration from his idols, is discovered by the coach, who takes him up the first step on his quest. And it is a true story—except for the inferences.

Fouts was a self-assured and compar-

atively sophisticated youngster, not one to stand in awe of even the most celebrated of professional athletes. After all, Brodie and former 49er great Y. A. Tittle could be seen most any evening in his living room, so close was his father's association with the team. On those Kezar sidelines, young Fouts simply went about the business of retrieving and returning footballs.

Did he dream then of someday playing on an NFL gridiron himself? "I don't know of any kid who can think that far ahead," he says. "Standing on the sidelines at Kezar, I never really thought much about being on the field. I didn't have any sense of great drama. I was just having a good time watching the game."

And Triangali as Svengali? "Did Vince say he could see back then that I was a great passer? Why, the referee wouldn't even let us throw overhand." Oh well.

Fouts likes a good story as well as the next man, but he prefers that it be precise in every detail. His own dedication to veracity has occasionally caused him embarrassment, such as when he virtually testified against his teammates in a

continued

The aerial circus of Fouts, the first NFL quarterback to throw for more than 300 yards in four straight games, has San Diego tied for first place in the AFC West.





As Fouts has discovered, much to his profit, charismatic quarterbacks on winning teams invariably get the opportunity to hawk new automobiles on television.

DAN FOUTS *continued*

court hearing by saying he would rather play with a contender than with them.

Fouts is considered to be among the most courageous of men in a business where courage is a prerequisite and he is one of his game's fiercest competitors, but he subscribes to the philosophy that all things should be held in perspective. "I try to keep an even keel," he will say, looking, with his beard and sober mien, somewhat like Henry James' brother, William. "Your successes are so fleeting in this business, you can't get too excited about them. But it's a good life, probably because it's so short."

He does not have the strongest arm in football, but he has one of the finest touches, the ability to put just the right speed and loft on the ball. In the Oakland game he demonstrated this time and again in the face of a heavy rush, in the first quarter rainbowing one pass over groping linebackers to John Jefferson in the middle, then beating the blitz with a line drive to Jefferson for a 57-yard touchdown.

Fouts did, in fact, start his career with his good friend Tringali, leading the St. Ignace High School Wildcats to the West Catholic Athletic League championship in 1967, his junior year. As a senior, he did not pass that often, and he was overshadowed by Jesse Freitas (lat-

er a Charger teammate) of Serra High of San Mateo, who had a receiver named Lynn Swann on his team. Fouts enrolled at the University of Oregon, the only Pacific Eight (now Pacific Ten) school to recruit him, and he quickly established a reputation for dramatic entrances when, in his first game, he filled in for the injured Tom Blanchard in the second half against California and pitched the Ducks to a 31-24 win. In three seasons he broke 19 school records while passing for 5,995 yards and 37 touchdowns.

Drafted in the third round by San Diego, he broke a collarbone in an all-star game and was unable to play again until the fourth game of the regular NFL season, against Pittsburgh. Once more he proved he knew how to make an entrance. Johnny Unitas was playing out the string for San Diego in 1973, and on this particular day he was all but unraveled by the Steelers, completing only two of nine passes in a first half that ended with Pittsburgh leading 38-0. Enter Fouts. He completed 11 of 21 passes for 174 yards and a touchdown and led the Chargers to two more TDs—one concluding a 90-yard drive—to bring the final score to 38-21. Unitas' career was over; Fouts' was beginning.

Unfortunately, inheriting the Chargers' quarterback job in those days was

a little like inheriting Chrysler stock today. The team was 2-11-1 in his rookie year and 5-9 in 1974, mere preliminaries to what is now known in San Diego as the "Bataan Death March" of 1975, during which the team lost its first 11 games, three of them shutouts. "It was a terrible team," says current 49er Coach Bill Walsh. Quarterbacking the Chargers was, if nothing else, educational. Painfully so. Still feeling his way in the professional game, Fouts became an instant object of fan derision. In contending with this unpleasant development, he drew on his experiences as a ball boy, recalling with what grace Brodie had tolerated the abuse heaped on him by Kezar's bibulous boo-birds. Things ultimately got so bad for Brodie that a special screen had to be erected over the tunnel leading to the 49er locker room to protect him from a skulking by beer-can marksmen in the stands. Fouts was at least spared this humiliation.

Walsh took over as offensive coordinator in 1976 for the head coach at the time, Tommy Prothro, and a stereotyped offense was transformed into a pass-oriented attack that exploited all of Fouts' burgeoning talents. Walsh turned only a year with the Chargers before moving on to head coaching jobs at Stanford and with the 49ers, but he retains Fouts' en-

during respect. "He's such a great teacher," says Fouts. "He worked with me on my fundamentals. You have to have good fundamentals as your base. Once you do, you can concentrate on other aspects of the game, like reading defenses."

Walsh is no less effusive in praise of Fouts. "It took his technical development for people to realize his other qualities—his assertiveness, his leadership, his intelligence. And I'm not sure there is anyone as tough as he is in standing up to the rush. He is naturally courageous. If somebody asked me who the best clutch players were, I'd put Fouts in a category with Bradshaw and Staubach."

Fouts completed 57.9% of his 359 passes for 2,535 yards and 14 touchdowns in 1976, and the Chargers' record improved from 2-12 to 6-8. For the first time since he turned pro, there seemed to be a future out there somewhere. Then Walsh departed, and James Harris, a more experienced and better-paid quarterback, arrived by trade from the Rams. Unhappy with his own contract, Fouts demanded to be traded. When he was not obliged, he announced his retirement. He was 26. Eventually he challenged the basic pro football labor agreement in court, hoping to win his freedom.

In court he testified that the Chargers were not of championship caliber, and the wrath of fans and press, withheld during his fine '76 season, descended upon him again. Fouts lost his case, and he rejoined his somewhat offended teammates in time for the 11th game of the 1977 season, which he started in place of the injured Harris. He still knew how to make an entrance, or, in this instance, a re-entrance, completing 19 of 26 passes for 199 yards in a 30-28 win over Seattle. By-gones were almost bygones.

"There was no outward reaction from the team," Fouts recalls.

"There are no bitter feelings on our part," says Charger owner Gene Klein, who subsequently signed Fouts to a long-term contract. "Whatever his reasons were for sitting out, I'm sure they were good and proper reasons for him. He is a very purposeful young man." For his part, Fouts simply refuses to "open that can of worms again."

The Chargers' complicated offense makes unusual demands on the quarterback, and Coach Don Coryell is convinced that Fouts is the only man to run it. "We're only doing what we do because of Dan," Coryell says. "He has such

a flexible mind. He doesn't have all the qualities you'd want in an ideal quarterback. He's not a runner. He's a fine athlete, but he doesn't have the speed. But he is very, very intelligent, and he is extremely competitive and tough mentally. A pro quarterback has to be one of the most courageous persons in sports. He has no chance to prepare himself for a hit the way a running back does. And he's not as big and sturdy. We have an awful time getting Dan to throw the ball away. He wants to take his chances in there, and because of that, he's susceptible to sacks."

Fouts pays a heavy price for his courage. He aggravates a groin pull in every game, and the "hiss" he absorbs leaves him too battered to practice actively until late in the week. The Chargers are content to let him recover in his own good time. "We've come to the conclusion that he doesn't really need a lot of work," says Coryell.

San Diego uses the pass the way many teams use the run, although each pass play, even a screen, has a "big play" built into it. The quarterback is instructed to look first for the deep receiver, then work his way back through the branches of the "passing tree"—at the other wide receiver cutting beneath the deep man, at the tight end bursting up the middle, at the backs flaring to the sidelines. It is an attack that demands quick recognition from the quarterback, and Receiver Jefferson feels that Fouts has a basketball point guard's gift for spotting "the open man." In the Chargers' Oct. 14 game with Seattle, Fouts' various talents were on display in a single play, according to offensive coordinator Joe Gibbs. With the Chargers leading 14-10, Fouts dropped back quickly against the blitz, looked for Jefferson deep and saw that he and Charlie Joiner were both possible receivers. He chose Jefferson and hit him for 49 yards and the clinching touchdown. At the same time, a congregation of monstrous Seattle linemen hit him, one of them clipping him neatly on the chin.

"A team reacts to a quarterback in a situation like that," says Gibbs. "They'll see him take a hit like that and say, 'Hey.' " "In his toughness and his approach to the game, I relate Dan to Joe Kapp," says Guard Ed White, who has played in front of both men. "And unlike some quarterbacks, Dan's ego is under control. When we score, no matter how, he's the first to congratulate the linemen

It makes up for some of the fan and media attention that goes elsewhere."

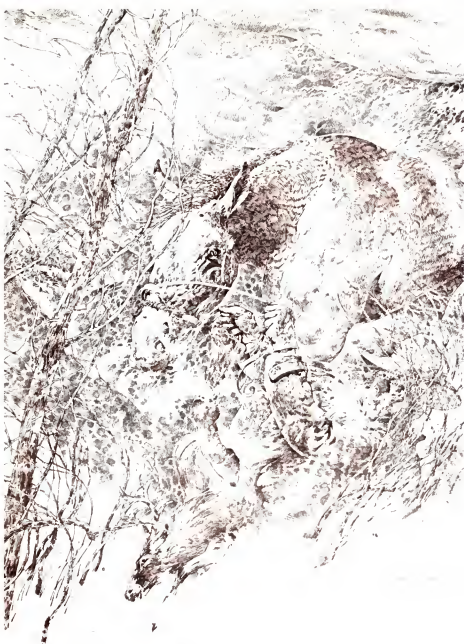
Coryell's principal concern these days is for his quarterback's continued good health. Physically, the loosely built 6' 3", 205-pound Fouts is no Bradshaw, and he takes a worse beating. Coryell would prefer that Fouts live the year round in San Diego so that he might utilize the team's weight equipment and have someone to play catch with besides his wife, Julianne. But Fouts and Julianne, who met in college, became enamored of the lush Oregon countryside and are building a house on 20 acres near the small town of Sisters.

Fouts does not consider his home in the hoodcocks a retreat, but rather a means of acquiring another living experience. During the season he keeps busy doing commercials for an automobile agency and a water-hed company, and he appears several times a week on a radio sports show. In the off-season, the city boy gravitates to the country. He is reared, he reminds you, at a tumultuous time—the '60s—in a tumultuous city.

"San Francisco was a great place to learn," Fouts says. "The bus stop near school was five doors from the Black Panther headquarters. Hookers approached me—a little sucker in a letter sweater—while I waited for the bus. I found myself drinking Coke out of a paper sack, like the winos. S.I. [St. Ignace] was just a few blocks up the hill from The Haight [the then hippie Haight-Ashbury district]. I'd sit next to a guy on a bus who was reading a whole newspaper in Chinese. I think it's important to have both experiences—the city and the country."

Last week Fouts was relaxing over a post-practice beer in the bar of San Diego's Islandia Hyatt House. The television set was turned to the Seattle-Atlanta Monday night football game, but Fouts watched it only intermittently. The game finally won him over when he saw out of the corner of an eye a perfectly executed quarterback draw play by Seattle's Jim Zorn. "Beautiful," he said, exulting in the achievement of another member of the fraternity. "Some people would call that a broken play." A waitress, recognizing him, took his order, then said, "Hey, you'd think you'd get enough of football." Fouts took mock umbrage. "Why, lady," he said, his blue eyes brightening, "football's my life." Then he smiled and corrected himself. "No, that's not quite true."

END





STRUGGLE ON FOG MOUNTAIN

For two hours I fought the stubborn old roan on the steep shoulder of Fog Mountain as the storm marshaled its forces. If I didn't get him loaded soon and get back to camp before the blizzard struck, I knew we wouldn't make it.

Mountain storms and horse trouble were not new to me. I had been hunting elk in Idaho's wilderness areas with my older brother for the last three or four years. But this storm looked like the big one of the season, as uncompromising as the roan.

He was as ugly as he was huge, with a scarred hide, a long lantern jaw and oversized feet, as if designed for snow travel. He stared balefully at me, his eyes asking: Do you want some more?

Wet and miserably cold, I had dismounted from the little bay mare and tied her to a chaparral shrub, then snubbed the roan to her saddle horn. If the horses held steady I might be able to load the two whitetail deer, even on this sheer incline, slippery with slowly falling snow. But the big roan gelding had frantically declared war as soon as I dragged the first deer in his direction, almost as if a bear was attacking him.

Fog Mountain sits high atop the Bitter

terroot Range, which straddles Idaho and Montana on the western side of the Continental Divide. Lewis and Clark crossed nearby in 1805. Howling blizzards hit the mountain every year, and now such a storm, Canadian-born, was cresting the Divide and moving down upon us.

About that time, I learned later, in Boise, Idaho the *Tribune* was setting type for tomorrow's headlines: STORM TRAPS BIG GAME HUNTERS, SO ARE BELIEVED MAROONED. In his warm shop the printer couldn't have envisioned the clash of man and horse on the snow-shrouded mountain.

My older brother, Lorin, my hunting partner since we shot rabbits as kids, had earlier brushed aside the weatherman's predictions of heavy storms in the high country. "They're usually wrong," he said, "and anyway, Don, a good snow will be a break for us; it'll get the elk moving." The weather held, and he had been right—for two days.

In soft autumn sunshine we had driven his heavily loaded Oldsmobile upstate from Boise, east out of Grangeville, up the Selway River, and finally had climbed a forest-service road to a bare windswept saddle near the mountaintop. Several

When the roan declared war and the blizzard lashed the Bitterroot Range, the author had a brush with death

by DON T. HIBBARD

hunting parties had already arrived. Packhorses belonging to a hunting guide and his wife were bunched together in a hastily contrived corral.

After erecting our eight-by-eight umbrella tent on the frozen ground, we took a get-acquainted jaunt around camp. "A nice-looking string of horseflesh," I said as we paused at the corral.

"Yeah," Lorin agreed, "except that ornery-looking roan. I'd sure hate to mix with him." I stared at the roan. He stared back.

Lorin asked, "Are you coming? Or are you thinking of buying him?"

I soon forgot the animal, little dreaming that in only a couple of days I would regret ever having seen his ugly hide. Two creatures can unknowingly wait for years for a predestined moment in which their lives will intersect with a resounding clash.

The first evening it snowed steadily, cushioning the raucous good-fellowship

continued

of the first-lighters, and during the night snow buried all the camp gear thoughtlessly left outside the tents.

By morning it had stopped snowing and we started hunting. A few miles east of camp I knocked down a six-point hulk elk with a shot fired too hastily. He got up and I trailed him for several hours, back toward camp. Below us an ocean of cumulus clouds, pushing and shoving, blocked out all the green world below, leaving snow-covered Fog Mountain stark and alone, like an iceberg. On the open hillside below camp, a bombardment of guns, newly arrived, brought the build-down. As I turned away I could hear angry voices debating the ownership of my elk.

Again that night the snow fell, leisurely, as if setting in for the winter. "We'd better hunt farther down the mountain for deer," Loran suggested the next morning. "If the weather turns real ugly and we're marooned, we'll need one for camp meat." Just before noon he shot a yearling whitetail buck, and I managed to bag a fat doe, both legal and choice for a snowbound larder.

We climbed back to camp in hopes of resting horses to carry them out. The packer had left, taking most of his horses to bring in a big elk kill.

"There's only two horses left," the packer's wife explained at the corral. "And only one of them will pack."

"How's that?" Loran asked.

"That sleek little bay mare can be ridden but not packed," she said. "Joe has tried repeatedly to use her, but when he goes to load the game she goes panicky wild. He's given up trying."

"How about the old roan?" I asked.

"Oh, sure, he'll pack. And he can easily carry the two deer," she assured us.

"But whatever you do, don't try to pack the mare."

Because there were only the two horses, I volunteered for the trip. Loran, the typical older brother, said, "Sure, I better go. Looks like that storm is coming over the Divide pretty fast."

That settled the matter. Who was he to insinuate that I couldn't load a couple of damn deer on a horse and come back? With a youngster's wounded ego, I insisted. We slapped the saddles on and cinched them up. For two hours in the

a tight jam—if only the roan had the horse sense to realize it.

I could hardly stand on the slick hillside. On the third try, with the little buck in my arms, I slid completely under the roan's belly as he snorted and pitched and tried to reach me with his thrashing feet. Several times I managed to get the deer onto his back only to have it bucked off as he reared and dragged the mare and me down the mountain. When I prevented the attack from the uphill side, he twice fell and rolled over. Once the

mare almost choked before I could cut the snub rope. Gravity took the fight approximately 100 yards down the mountain-side. The mare took a terrific beating.

Once, surprisingly, I got the deer partly lashed to the saddle and shouted at the roan, "I got you now, you bastard!"

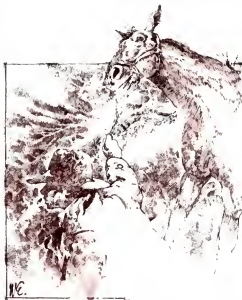
But the roan jerked loose and hit me on the elbow. My heavy jacket saved me from an injury but didn't save the roan from getting a tremendous clout across his enormous nose—a mistake I never made again; it hurt me more than it did him.

Often during the next two hours, in anger I threatened to shoot him. The storm above us contended to build. I used hobbling him, but with his legs tied he couldn't stand, one move and he was down. Tying the deer

onto him while he was down didn't work, either; there were too many moving feet.

Resting for breath, I wondered how he had acquired this phobia. When he was a yearling, had a mountain lion dropped on him from an overhanging limb? Was that a puma scar running back along his side? Had he been unable to shake off the fear that rode his back whenever he snelled wild game?

I considered switching and trying to load the little mare, but her reputation



falling snow I guided the little mare down through snow-covered brushy wales and across open ridges, the horses carefully picking their footing on the slippery mountainside. The roan shuddered as we stopped at the two dead deer. Preoccupied, I thought it was because of the cold.

The horse's surprising resistance at first dismayed me. But there was no choice. I had to get them lashed onto his back and head back to camp while the gathering storm allowed it. We were in

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was even worse, and I didn't need more trouble. The snow was now falling heavily, and the wind scooped it around us in wild flurries.

On a previous hunt I had seen a pocker bite a horse's ear until it screamed, but it finally submitted to being packed. However, I had no one to load the deer on while I bit. Perhaps I should try covering his eyes. Rubbing my hands in deer blood, I worked it well over the roan's snorting nose to help neutralize the wild smell for the next try. Then I knotted a saddle blanket across his ornery, bloodshot eyes so he couldn't see to counteract my moves. But he was too strong and mad and determined to give an inch.

I was young and just as angry, with a pride that wouldn't allow me to return and admit to an older brother that I couldn't load a deer on a horse.

Back at camp, where the full brunt of the storm had already struck, as Lorin told me later, he was alarmed at my absence as evening approached. When the pocker returned, he said his wife had made a mistake, that it was the roan that couldn't be packed. With concern he told Lorin, "Your kid brother won't get back if he tangles with that roan. He's meaner'n hell around wild game."

"He'll be back all right," Lorin said to bolster his hopes, "and if I know my stubborn brother, he'll have the deer on the roan." But he wasn't really that sure.

As my strength and the roan's ebbed, our tempers sharpened, lightning raw. I would have shouted oaths into the storm but I hadn't the breath. I must get the damn deer on the damn horse.

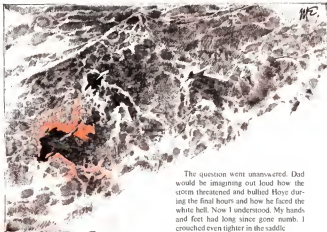
And then the struggle ended abruptly. What made the roan suddenly give in? Perhaps the ominous tones in the blizzard. He stood and shivered, as with the ague, as I loaded and lashed both deer onto his back.

I tightened my cinch, mounted and rode out, leading the roan and leaving the hillside cut and battle-scarred. A hundred yards up the mountain the full fury of the storm hit us.

Wind robbed me of breath, and driving ice particles forced their way through desperately slitted eyelids. In the blinding whiteness my sense of direction wavered like a faulty compass. The horses leaned against each monstrous gust of wind to keep from being blown off the mountain as they fought for footing.

Our ranch neighbor, Jim Hoyer, got caught in a storm like this while elk hunting. He didn't make it. In evening sessions around the old potbellied stove, the folks would sit and talk about Jim. With the spring thaws he was found, a black bear chewing on one of his frozen legs.

"Did they shoot the bear?" I asked



The question went unanswered. Dad would be imagining out loud how the storm threatened and bullied Hoyer during the final hours and how he faced the white hell. Now I understood. My hands and feet had long since gone numb. I crouched even tighter in the saddle.

Directly ahead of my horse a bobcat suddenly appeared, as in a picture flashed on a screen. Its frozen, pinched face opened in surprise, and the drooped ears snapped to attention. It stepped aside only enough to clear the horses' hooves and watched us through storm-squinted eyes. The horses plodded by the cat, indifferent to anything but the howling wind and their own miseries. With an exaggerated mustache of frosted whiskers, the cat was the picture of dejection as it watched us go. The swirling snow slowly took its spots out of focus and then blended them away into the white—and it was gone as if it had never existed.

An ironic thought twisted into my mind-wanderings. Could the sun actually be shining, 40,000 or 50,000 feet up? It was eerie to visualize cloudtops in a soft golden glow, especially with us at the bottom of a sea in which Mt. Everest could be buried and lost, microbe-like creatures, eight miles down, inching along its murky bottom. There was a vague

We had continued the fight far too long.

The mare stopped as a granite cliff suddenly blocked our path. I could see neither beginning nor end of the rock face that for the moment sheltered us from the piercing wind. Which way should we go? A wrong turn would be disastrous. We couldn't survive a night in this maelstrom. I urged the mare to the left along the giant wall and, miraculously, in a few moments we were again climbing into the teeth of the gale.

I rode unmoving in the saddle. My sweat-soaked clothes iced up stiff as armor and my body warmth was ruthlessly sucked away by the wind. The wind probably made the chill factor 60 below. The little mare must get us to camp soon if we were on the way to her home ranch. Her sixth sense would lead us in, but here on Fog Mountain that instinct might be blotted out by the blizzard.

I remembered that when I was a boy,

continued

thought of hot food, which seemed strangely unimportant. I shook my head to clear it. There was no danger of falling into a death sleep—old wives' tale—because the terrific cold would soon awaken me. The danger was of beginning not to care.

Hours passed. With hurricane force, the wind now slashed and surged with banshee shrieks. And then the roan's lead rope became taut as he stopped. His cinch had loosened, and the saddle and both deer were hanging under his belly. My God, I thought, this is disaster. I'm in no condition to fight him now.

I doubted that I could stir. I was so frozen. But with no choice, I rolled off onto feet that felt like frozen slabs and proceeded to kick and beat blood back into my fingers and toes. This probably saved them from frostbite.

The gale battered us as I studied the problem. Could I knock him out with my rifle butt and repack the deer before he recovered? But the blow might be too hard, especially the way I felt. I only

knew I wasn't equal to another battle like the first.

He turned his head and stared at me as I cautiously reached to undo the cinch, expecting him to explode any moment. But, surprisingly, he didn't. He had had enough fight, or he somehow realized the seriousness of our plight. Or more likely he had simply been beaten by the wind and cold. I unpacked and repacked the frozen deer as he stood, patient as an ally. I almost loved the ugly beast for not starting another donnybrook. As I re-tightened the mare's cinch and mounted, evening dusk was beginning to blend into the swirling white.

The cold grew more bitter. I was only aware of the rocking motion between my knees and the wind battering my ears. How could we possibly last? Where the hell was camp, anyway? Without warning, night lowered upon us, robbing us of the little visibility we had. We moved on in the black void.

Camp lights suddenly appeared out of the swirling blackness. And Lorn, be-

side our tent, was taking hold of the mare's bridle. I could have sworn he muttered, "Thank God." He jarred me out of the saddle, guided me to the tent flap and left to care for the horses.

For three days and nights snow fell heavily, and howling winds piled it around in great drifts. For three days 10 carloads of us stayed in our tents, except when nature made us tunnel out. We shared food and fuel oil, and were grateful for the warmth and shelter from the cold and wind.

When the storm broke, a small plane flew over from Salmon City, dropping fuel and newspapers and telling us we had been marooned. The packer rode out and arranged for a bulldozer to come and clear a trail down the mountain.

Before leaving I walked down to the corral. My roan was there with the other horses. He walked a few steps in my direction, his ugly countenance almost saying, "Do you want to go another round, bub?"

"Not me," I said aloud.

END



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thing from the Budapest Philharmonic from Budapest to the sound track of your favorite soap opera on our TV Band. Or our beautifully compact FM/AM portable radio with digital quartz clock. Station frequencies are displayed in clear LCD lights for extra tuning accuracy. And you get the date and time, at the touch of a button.

But these are just a few of the many portable products we've got to whet your appetite. So the next time you're going anywhere, take along something from Sony for your senses to feast on. Because even if you're just going on a little picnic, you should remember one thing. Man or woman does not live by bread alone.

SONY.
THE ONE AND ONLY



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It's easy to see why more people buy BFGoodrich T/A® Radials than any other high performance radial. You like the looks you get. But more important, the handling. The feeling of confidence that comes from knowing what race-tough T/As can do for you. At BFG, the words "high-performance" aren't just words. It's our record. At Daytona, Baja—you name it, with the first street radial certified for racing.

BFG first. With more firsts for our T/A 60 this year, than any other radial in the IMSA Challenge Series.

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We drive them hard in racing to be sure they can handle your kind of driving. Because you get the same T/As we race with.



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What we learn in racing goes into each new generation of T/As. To give you durability, improved handling and straighter tracking. This year's improved T/A tread design helps reduce hydroplaning, for greater wet traction.

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formance radial. So ride with the raised white letters that spell the name of number one.

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PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	12 mg. tar 1.0 mg. nicotine
Winston 85	20 mg. tar 1.3 mg. nicotine
Lowest brand	0.5 mg. tar 0.05 mg. nicotine



A third less tar

than the leading filter 85

Longer, yet lighter



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

There is an adage among lawyers that Sam Ervin, the former Senator, liked to cite: when the law is against you, refer to the evidence, when the evidence is against you, refer to the law. And if both are against you? "In that case," Senator Sam would say, "give somebody hell and distract the attention of the judge and jury from the weakness of your case." Now, in sports movies, it works this way: if your sport is against you, talk about the shtetl. If the story is against you, promote your sport. And if both are warring? Then distract the viewer by making a lot of fuss about how authentically your star comes across as an athlete.

Anybody familiar with how this game is played would have had a pretty good idea that *Running* was a turkey of a film when, weeks before it opened, gossip columnists breathlessly reported that real marathoners had swooned over how much Michael Douglas, 35 (above), resembled a genuine runner. Now it's not hard for any reasonably lean young bused to look like a marathoner; it's not the same as having to execute double-backs or sink 20-foot jump shots. So I'm really not terribly impressed when I hear that Bill Rodgers and Frank Shorter and other marathoners have been overcome by Mr. Douglas's ability to sweat. If only *Running* (plodding time: 101 minutes) had moved like an actual motion picture.

In spite of its dreary pace, I assume that *Running* has a chance at the box office. At the last estimate, there were 26 million joggers in North America, and past evidence indicates that this species fairly revels in tedious portrayals of itself. Moreover, Douglas has proved to be perspicacious in selecting intelligent and/or commercial material, and whereas his taste in the former has clearly deserted him in this instance, there are 26 million of the faithful out there. While my hunch is that Douglas has miscalculated here, too, and that joggers have no more interest in watching other joggers than fishermen, say, have in watching somebody else cast, I fervently hope that Douglas' commercial instincts are right again, so that we can get all these people off the streets and into the movie theaters.

But because the story is thin and it is tiresome to sit and watch actors running, the film simply cannot sustain its feature length. It might have been tolerable as a shorter TV movie, but jogging, despite its demographics, is not a popular enough activity to attract the broad, lowest-common-denominator ratings that television demands. *Running* had to go into movie theaters, where it is simply swallowed up by the big screen.

Running (why, pray, this sudden Hollywood passion for participial tides? See also *Coming Home*, *Breaking Away*, *Shining Over*) was written and directed—ham-handedly—by Steven Hilliard Stern. The dialogue reflects the depth and originality that Billy Martin employs in saloons, and characterizations are shallow. One must be thankful for the presence of Susan Anspach, the female lead, who alone is able to rise above Mr. Stern's contributions. With a beguiling mixture of whimsy and devotion, she adds some melody to what is otherwise an hour and 41 minutes of long, low moan.

Anspach plays the estranged wife of Douglas, a young fellow who can't seem to finish things. All he could ever do, it seems, is run. That is, we are advised, "his survival." In fact, though Douglas may well be a quitter, in Stern's movie he is also a sloth and a fool. *Running* is not his survival at all; it is his alibi, and that is something else again. Rodgers and Shorter and their ilk are very determined, driven people.

For all the loneliness of the long-distance runner, for all his communion with dawn, his search for joy and inner peace, serious marathoners—and serious joggers, too, for that matter—are not, like the Douglas character, running to escape reality. Much of the current appeal of jogging seems to me to be vanity. People jog to look better and to feel younger. In this Me Decade, it is the perfect narcissistic sport. You jog at your own pace. Nobody orders you about. It is the most independent (and selfish) of all athletic endeavors. Both the hero of *Running* and the plot are implausible. There are a lot of things about *Running* that disqualify it as good entertainment, not the least being that it isn't authentic.

END



'RUNNING' GOES NOWHERE VERY SLOWLY

Of Mouse and his men

Wondrous to behold a.k.a. Coach Mouse Davis and Portland State's R&S offense

Nicknames were the vogue in the Davis family of Independence, Ore., and by the time all the kids were labeled, their mother's call to dinner sounded like an appeal for an exterminator.

"We were Birdie, Blackie, Teencie, Tickie and Mouse," says Mouse, a/k/a Darrel Davis, now 47 and head football coach at Portland State University, a Division I-AA school of 16,500 students.

"Mouse stuck so well that by the time I graduated from high school, none of the teachers knew my real name."

Davis is indeed small and darting, with tiny hands that nonetheless served him well as a quarterback and halfback at Oregon College of Education in Monmouth. Far less mousy are bright coyote eyes and an irrepresible urge to confound. Employing these and a devotion to his kind—all the 5'6", 160-pound athletes that sensible football schools shun—Davis has developed an attack that has enabled the Vikings to challenge all NCAA schools for the lead in passing and total offense for the past four years. In that span, Portland State has won 32 and lost 20, a program-saving reversal of a 9-24 record before Davis' arrival from Oregon high school coaching. Led by quarterbacks June Jones, who has gone on to the Atlanta Falcons, and Neil Lomax, now a junior majoring in communications, Davis' Run-and-Shoot offense has produced an average of 36 points and 485 yards a game, and has proved itself to be a spectacular mode of consternating opponents.

The R&S develops out of what is essentially a dou-

ble-slot formation in which both ends are split and halfbacks line up in the gaps off tackle, and the term was coined in a book by Glenn (Tiger) Ellison, once a Woody Hayes assistant at Ohio State. "We swiped it," admits Davis, "but we changed it. Ellison was still run-oriented. We always pass first and run second."

The object is to make the defense the last to know what is going on. First a back or an end in motion gives pause to the secondary, then the quarterback sprints to one side, usually still with the option of pitching to a trailing back. Then all the receivers (four, unless the trailback is out there, too), rather than running set patterns, react to what the defensive backs have decided to do. The 6'3", 214-pound Lomax, watching the same defensive keys, anticipates his receivers' moves and puts the ball where necessary. He is so proficient that he has completed 56% of his passes for an astounding 8,105 yards and 63 touchdowns in the 28 games he has played since he broke in as a freshman.

Last Saturday afternoon at San Francisco State, Lomax surpassed NCAA major-college career passing yardage and total offense leaders Jack Thompson of Washington State (the Division I-A passing leader) and Gene Swick of Toledo (the total offense leader in I-A). It was hard for Lomax to get excited about the feat, because he has his senior year yet to play. For the season his 2,887 yards gained on 208 completions plus 58 rushing yards puts Lomax 1,004 yards ahead of any other quarterback in Division I-AA, and his favorite target, 5'9", 165-pound Slotback Stuart Gausson, leads the nation in receptions with 81 for 1,054 yards and eight touchdowns.

Opportunity, of course, has something to do with these remarkable numbers. Against Northern Colorado, Lomax passed 77 times and completed 44, both NCAA records for any division, yet Portland State lost 21-20. The Vikings are 4-4 this season, although the defeats have come by a total of six points.

"Sometimes opposing coaches will sidle over after a game and ask how to defend us," says Davis. "I say it takes either

continued

Davis' star is Lomax, who has thrown a record 8,105 yards.



BECAUSE only rare European Oak has the character to gently and mature our Chardonnay, we are cradling our Chardonnay in these handmade casks until the day the winemaker judges it ready for release. Every step we take, we take with care because **THE WINE REMEMBERS**

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MAKING IT REAL IS BETTER.



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IN THE SPIRIT OF THE OLYMPICS, LEVI STRAUSS & CO. PRESENTS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SWEEPSTAKES.

THE STAKES?

No cars (that wear out).
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Instead, we're going to
give 18 people the opportunity
to be the very best they
can be. By sending them to
the school, training program,
or learning adventure of
their choice.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS 18 TIMES.

Levi Strauss & Co., official
outfitters to the 1980
U.S. Olympic Team, is holding
an Olympic Opportunity
Sweepstakes.

For anyone who has ever
wanted to enhance their
career, learn a new skill, or
get more fun out of a sport

or hobby, the moment of
truth is here.

Truck driving school? A
course in carpentry? Two
weeks at a tennis ranch?
Whatever your dream (even
if it's one we haven't thought
of), we'll spend \$5000 to
make it a reality.

A REASON NOT TO WAIT.

This is not a long contest.
Entries will be accepted for
just 16 days in November. So
we strongly suggest you
enter now. Before you forget.

No purchase will be
necessary. You can get full
details—and enter—at any
participating Levi's® retailer
featuring the Levi's® Olympic
Sweepstakes display.

You can enter between
November 3 and Novem-

ber 18. Not much time. But
hopefully, you've got a
dream that just can't wait.

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Levi's® Olympic Opportunity Sweepstakes.
No purchase necessary.
Event at your participating Levi's® retail store.

1. Fill out your name, address and age on the official entry blank or on a plain 3 x 5 piece of paper.
2. Deposit your entry in the box provided for you at your participating Levi's® retailer. Persons whose addresses prevent them from going to retail stores should mail entries to: Levi's Olympic Opportunity Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2521, Woburn, New York 11791.
3. Enter as often as you wish. Each mailed entry must be submitted in a separate envelope, and must be received by 12:01:00 PM (not responsible for entries that are lost, misdirected or delayed in the mail).
4. Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be required to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. In the event a winner is a minor, prize will be awarded to the name of a parent or guardian. All prizes will be awarded, and must be taken up arrangements made within 60 days of winner notification. Winners may choose to receive their prize in cash. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the responsibility of the individual winners.
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NO CAR BEFORE CHEVY CITATION OFFERED YOU ALL THESE NUMBERS.

5 adults ride comfortably.

According to government EPA ratings, the new Chevy Citation Hatchback is a mid-size car inside.

30 bags of groceries fit inside.

That's in our hatchback models, with the back seat folded down. You're probably not going to buy that many groceries, but it gives you an idea of Citation's 41.4 cubic feet of cargo space.

19.6 cubic feet of hidden cargo area behind the rear seat of the hatchbacks.

And there's a real compartment panel linked to the hatch so what's inside is hidden from view.

65% of the car's weight is up front. With Citation's front-wheel drive, about 65% of the weight is over the front driving wheels. The result is good traction down wet streets in snow or mud.

24 EPA estimated MPG, 36 highway estimate.

Remember: Compare estimated MPG to that of other cars. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. California estimates lower.

336 mile cruising range, 532 highway range. Estimated range figures obtained by multiplying Citation's 14-gallon fuel tank capacity rating by the EPA mileage estimates.



2.5 Liter 2-borrel 4-cylinder standard engine. Its mounted sideways, between the front driving wheels, which helps give you more passenger space.

2.3 Liter 2-borrel V6 is available if you want more oomph.

50 MPH in 9 seconds flat, from a standing start. That's in engineering tests with the available V6 and automatic transmission. California figures not available.

4 speed manual overdrive transmission. Citation's standard transmission is a true overdrive. At cruising speeds it helps get impressive fuel economy because the 4th gear lets the engine run slower than with a conventional transmission. (Not presently available in California.)

4 speed automatic transmission is available, too. And the ratings for it are also impressive: **22** EPA estimated MPG/35 highway estimate. California estimated **22** MPG/33 highway.

34 of a parking place is all it needs. Outside, Citation is a compact car. End to end, less than 15 feet long.

4 function "Smart Switch." A single column-mounted lever controls turn signals, windshield wipers, windshield washers and headlight dimmer.

10 sound-deadening treatments. Citation is built with lots of insulators and noise barriers to help separate the outside world from the quiet inside.

20 anti-corrosion steps. Extensive use of zinc-rich pre-coated metals and various chemical treatments help keep Citation good-looking.

6 Citations to choose from. 4-door and 2-door Hatchbacks, 2 Coupes, and 2 sporty X11s.

70 customized options. Everything from "A" (air conditioning) to "Z" (zippy pin striping) is available. So you can order your Citation to fit you to a "T."

14 beautiful exterior colors, plus 13 exterior two-tone combinations, plus 6 trim and upholstery colors are all available to suit your individual taste.

Chevy dealers, across America, invite you to see and test drive the first front-wheel drive with Chevy behind it. Whether you want to buy or lease, Chevy Citation's numbers could be just the ones you have in mind.



1980 CHEVY CITATION

It's a whole new kind of compact car.

a monstrous defensive line to clamp down on things before our little bitty kids get all scattered out, or it takes clearly superior athletes. Frankly, when the players and execution have been equal on both sides, we simply haven't been defended."

Portland State is a commuter college nestled against Oregon's fir-covered southwest hills. The football program is supported neither by state funding nor student fees. Ticket sales finance the operation, and when Lomax wants extra tickets for friends and family he sits down and writes a check for them. "To say this is a shoestring outfit is too kind," says Davis. "The premium is on imagination."

For one thing, Portland State has no football field. The Vikings practice in venerable Civic Stadium, where the venerable artificial turf is growing shiny between the 40s. There they throw and throw until the receivers have run three miles of imaginative patterns; until Lomax begins to list to the right, his throwing arm swinging two inches lower than his left; until the team is chased out by flocks of dimpled cheerleaders, harbingers of that afternoon's high school game.

Mouse Davis coaches from no remote tower. He might as well be in a ditch as the receivers swirl around him. His dry baritone finds each player in turn, congratulating, instructing. "If you're having trouble seeing it," he calls, "turn your head, turn your torso, use both hands." The voice is workmanlike, patient. "It is my inherent belief," he says, "that all kids truly want to get better. Our job is to help them." There is no helmet-pounding casigation. The players speak of Davis fondly, as a cherished teacher, perhaps one who needs watching over occasionally. And it is always "Mouse," as in, "Has Mouse gone to lunch already?"

The night before the San Francisco State game, Davis and the team walked eight blocks from their hotel—chosen for its ascent to lodge four players per room—to dine on a \$3.99 steak-and-shrimp special in a shopping center restaurant. Davis and Lomax sat together and spoke of each other.

"What more can he learn from me?" asked Davis, swelling appreciably. "Why, great humility."

"He played quarterback some," said Lomax, watching his chuckling coach out of the corner of his eye. "That must be how he got humble."

Walking back, the coach sprang for a few ice-cream cones. Lomax had a Quar-

terback Crunch, Davis a French Vanilla.

"He comes to a place with 31 flavors and has vanilla," said Lomax.

"Am I not classy?" said Davis. "Elegantly subdued?" He would have been, but for the volume of his laughter.

Yet because of these easy ways, the discipline of his teams has been questioned. In reply, Davis reveals something of the sage beneath the little-brother veneer. "Usually when coaches talk about discipline they mean conformity," he says. "A disciplined pattern is 18 yards and out-of-bounds every time. But discipline to me is different. The law, medicine, teaching—those are disciplines, callings where development of the basic tools leads to creativity. Conformity is fairly easy to have. But self-discipline is always to be worked for, in order to approach your potential. As a kid learns the tools of this offense, reading defenses and acting on the run, he can be more and more creative. That requires more mental discipline than rote offenses."

Davis developed his Run-and-Shoot while coaching in high school and won the Oregon State Class-AAA championship with his 1973 Hillsboro team. "We were told that this whacko offense would only work in high school, so it was fun to succeed with it in college," he says. "Now they say it will work only at small colleges, no higher. But look what Wake Forest and Minnesota have done by putting it in at times. Mike Shanahan, the Minnesota quarterback coach, called after they played Ohio State. 'You'd have loved it,' he said. 'It looked like a damn track meet.' I said, 'Then why did you lose?' And he said, 'We messed up by trying to run the ball, and fumbled.'"

Yet Davis recognizes that his attachment to this racy concept might stand in the way of a major-college opportunity. "There might be a school in the doldrums somewhere that would take a chance, for fan excitement," he says, "but if I were to hire on as an offensive coordinator, odds are that most head coaches—like most defenses—wouldn't be flexible enough to adjust."

So Davis goes on enjoying himself at Portland State, begging a movie camera from a nearby high school, planning the Vikings' exorcising road trips. Typically, their pregame meal is served by Hughes Air West, but the real travel stories do in fact concern the road. "The worst was in 1975 against Montana State,

and it had to be my birthday," says Davis. "We bused 350 miles to a hotel in Spokane, Wash. and the next day hused through the Rockies another 350 to Boreman, up above Yellowstone Park. The next day we had them 34-28 with two minutes to go. One of their passes bounced off one of our defensive backs into the hands of their receiver, and they won 35-34. Then we had two days to think about it on the bus home." Such jaunts are surely the reason the Vikings lose their share of away games, but they have won 23 of their last 27 at home.

Then there is weather. The conditions the Portland State offense faced at San Francisco State last week seemed the worst possible deterrent to the forward pass. Torrential rains turned tidy, eucalyptus-lined Cox Stadium to the consistency of mashed avocado.

Lomax was sacked on the first play from scrimmage. Then he arose to complete 27 of 39 passes for 412 yards and two touchdowns as Portland State won easily, 37-10. Gausson, after a sharp word or two of direction from Davis, consistently found a seam in San Francisco State's coverage and caught 11 passes for 155 yards and one touchdown. Returning to the sideline, he stood beside Davis and said he felt the tone of his instruction had been somewhat harsh.

"I still love you, you know," said Davis with disarming gentleness.

Mollified, Gausson said, "Yeah, I know that."

Everybody played.

Later, while showering in full uniform, Lomax struggled to finding a perverse sort of glee in admitting in the shop. "If we can throw in this, we can throw in anything." He seemed to be seeing the last quarter again, the teams distinguishable only by the colors of their helmets. "You know, football is a stupid game if you think about it, but it's all such a challenge—the miserable conditions, the defense knowing we're going to pass—I can't help it, I really enjoy playing it."

Davis walked through the steam and sodden uniforms, reaching out to his players, whom he called "all the little peopers who can really fly."

"This is the best group we've had, kid-wise," he said. "They believe school is important. They are a joy to be around." The man's love was apparent in his caressing of bruised necks, his deft praise for every player. "Fun game," he said again and again. "Fun game."

continued

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTH "All week we kept hearing 'What is Rutgers?'" said Scarlet Knight flanker David Dora following a 13-7 victory at Tennessee. "Now they know 'What they'—Volunteer rooters who had been heartened by the 4-2 showing of their team this season—knew was that the Vols had been bent out of shape by a school they vastly underestimated. When Tennessee, favored by three touchdowns, drove 84 yards to score on its first possession, Tennessee fans were certain they would have a fine day."

But then the Scarlet Knights hit on three successive big plays. With 20 seconds left in the first half, Ed Steward intercepted a Vol pass at the Rutgers 40. Next came a 23-yard Ed McMichael-to-Tim O'Dell pass. Then a 37-yard bomb to Dora for a tying touchdown. Surely, the Tennesseers folks felt, the second half would be more to their liking. It wasn't.

Early in the third quarter Steward intercepted another pass at the Vol 24, after which Kennan Startzell's 43-yard field goal made the score Rutgers 10, Tennessee 7. Before the period ended, Startzell upped it to 13-7 with a 32-yarder and the Vols had absorbed one of their most stunning upsets ever.

Another Southeastern Conference team to get a kick in the pants from an outsider was Georgia. The Bulldogs, who began the season with three losses, seemed to have righted themselves with four straight SEC wins. Last week, however, Georgia dropped its third game in as many tries against Atlantic Coast Conference opponents, this time being shocked 31-0 by Virginia as Todd Kirtley passed for 215 yards and two touchdowns.

After having been outscored 325-117 in its first seven outings, Vanderbilt finally won—and salvaged some prestige for the SEC—by defeating Memphis State 13-3.

The SEC's two Tiggers—Auburn and Louisiana State—both struggled to conference victories. With its running game shut down by Florida, Auburn got a pair of field goals from Jorge Portela and a five-yard scoring pass from Charlie Trotman to Mike Locklear to come out on top 19-13. LSU, behind 17-0 in the second period at Mississippi, came back for a 28-24 triumph.

"Every time I wanted to throw, all I saw was orange," said Wake Forest's Jay Venuto, who felt more like a lemon after a 31-0 upset at Clemson. Venuto had passed for 2,000 yards going into the contest but was held to 119 by the orange-clad Tiggers, who set up three touchdowns by intercepting passes.

North Carolina, too, was upended in an away game, 17-14 at Maryland. The Tar Heels overcame a 14-0 deficit with 14 points in the

third quarter, but the Terps prevailed when, with 1:21 left, Dale Castro kicked a 43-yard field goal, his 16th straight, which tied an NCAA record.

When George Rogers wasn't busy carrying 30 times for 217 yards, teammate Spencer Clark was grinding out 103 yards in 18 cracks as independent South Carolina held off North Carolina State 30-28. Rogers, second in the country with a 144.5-yard-per-game rushing average, scored on a 25-yard scamper. Clark on two short bursts.

By stopping Northwestern Louisiana 44-13, McNease (La.) State stayed unbeaten. Half a game still separated Ohio Valley leader Murray State and runner-up Eastern Kentucky. State downed Austin Peay 24-10 and Eastern shellacked Tennessee Tech 35-0.

Point-a-minute games are rare, but Furman and Davidson averaged almost two points a minute in their scoring binge. Davidson winged its way to a 21-0 first-period advantage, but the Paladins stormed back for a 63-55 win in the highest-scoring game since the NCAA started keeping records in 1937. Rallying Furman was Tim Sorrells, who came off the bench to run for two touchdowns and pass for three more.

1. ALABAMA (8-0)

2. FLORIDA STATE (5-0) 3. AUBURN (6-2)

WEST Paul McDonald, Southern Cal's left-handed passer, has proved he's no hamburger. Right from the start against Arizona, it was McDonald's passes—Golden Arches—that propelled the Trojans to a 34-7 victory. On the first play from scrimmage, McDonald checked off, opting for a pass instead of the called-for power sweep and bingo! McDonald flicked a 12-yarder to Danny Garcia and USC was on its way.

With all-time leading rusher Joe Steele having undergone knee surgery, Washington called on Vince Coby to score on three short smashes at California. But Rich Campbell had the Golden Bears in from 24-21 by the fourth quarter, hitting on 24 of 35 throws for 322 yards and two touchdowns, one of them to Matt Bouza, who caught 11 for 175 yards. In the end, though, Mark Lee made the Huskies 28-24 winners when he ran back a punt 64 yards with 6:06 left.

Stanford knocked Arizona State out of Pac-10 contention 28-21 as Turk Schottert was on target with 13 of 18 passes for 271 yards and three touchdowns. Schottert pegged a 20-yard scoring toss to Andre Tyler in the third period to knot the score at 21-21. In the fourth quarter, just when Schottert appeared to be sacked in the end zone, he slithered loose and uncorked a 43-yard pass to Ken Margerum. Five plays later, Schottert threw a decisive nine-yard strike to Mike Dotterer.

Scott Richardson of Oregon State passed for four touchdowns and ran for a fifth against Washington State. It wasn't enough. The

Cougars, with Ray Williams and Tait Ene each scoring twice—Ene once on an 80-yard dash—won 45-42. All the scoring in this wild affair came in the first three periods and was concluded when Mike DeSanto of Washington State booted a 19-yard field goal.

Going into the fourth period at Colorado State, unbeaten Brigham Young led by only 16-7 and Mark Wilson had passed for 177 yards, for him a mediocre effort that endangered his chances for an NCAA-record fifth straight 300-yard performance. In the fourth quarter, though, Wilson racked up another 181 yards. For the day, he hit on 24 of 40 for 358 yards and four TDs as the Cougars took this WAC encounter 30-7.

Somewhere, over, around and through the Rainbows—that's not how the song goes, but that's how Temple went to win 34-31 at Hawaii. The Rainbows fell short despite sophomore Gary Allen's theatrics. Allen's feat: 141 yards rushing, including scoring runs of 77 and 55 yards; 91 yards on seven pass receptions, one good for 33 yards and six points, and one pass completion for 17 yards. But Mark Bright of the Owls ran around and through Hawaii for 153 yards and three scores. Ron Fournavants snugged a 31-31 tie with a 31-yard field goal.

The Air Force stuck to the ground. Army just plain stuck. Thus did the Falcons break an 11-game losing streak—the longest among major-college teams. Instead of taking to the air, the Falcons trudged through the Cadet defense for 305 yards in a 28-7 victory.

1. USC (8-0-1)

2. BYU (6-0) 3. WASHINGTON (7-2)

EAST A local newspaper story, predicting that the final score would be Penn State 42, Miami 0, was headlined, SEAM'S TIME IS COMING—IN 1984. Wrong. The Hurricanes' time came five years early as they shocked Penn State 26-10. In his first start, Miami freshman Jim Kelly hit on 18 of 30 passes for 280 yards and three touchdowns. Kelly, who is from East Brady, Pa. and who had passed for 3,915 yards in high school, went to Miami because Nittany Lion Coach Joe Paterno wanted to make him a linebacker. "I didn't want to be another Jack Ham," Kelly said. "I wanted to be another Terry Bradshaw."

Pittsburgh's Dan Marino, another freshman making his first start, buried two touchdowns passes as the Panthers held off Syracuse 28-21. Marino completed 18 of 26 attempts for 170 yards, and Terry White galloped 85 with a punt return.

Forty-seven seconds before it would have lost its 200th game in 107 years of competition, Yale scored on a 12-yard pass to beat Cornell 23-20 for its 750th victory. No team has won more often than the Elis. Yale's John Rogan, who earlier had teamed up with Bob Rostomsky on a 43-yard scoring pass, hit him

continued

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again with a 12-yarder that kept the Bulldogs undefeated and in first in the Ivy League. Second on the all-time victory chart is Princeton, which notched No. 630 with a 38-10 conquest of Penn, which is fourth with 615 wins. Brown squelched Harvard's try for a 630th triumph, 23-14. And Dartmouth blanked Columbia 17-0.

1. PITTSBURGH (7-1)

2. TEMPLE (7-1) 3. PENN STATE (5-3)

SOUTHWEST Texas fiddled with its quarterbacks during a squeaky win, while signal-callers at Arkansas and Texas A&M swarmed their way to tuneful triumph. Early in the week, Longhorn Coach Fred Akers decided his second-string quarterback would make a better sixth-string defensive back. Against Texas Tech, he started with sophomore Donnie Little and then went to a couple of freshmen, 5'9" Herkie Walls and 6'4" Rick McIver. It was McIver, who throws armor-piercing passes, who finally got Texas going. After launching a 51-yard missile to Les Koenning, McIver wrapped up a 98-yard drive with an 11-yard pass to Johnny (Lam) Jones to give the Longhorns a 7-3 halftime edge. Tech pulled to within 7-6, but Brad Beck's 11-yard scoring run made Texas a 14-6 winner.

"We heard them in their dressing room yelling like they were ahead," Arkansas Quarterback Kevin Scanlon said of Rice, which trailed 14-7 at halftime. From there on, there was no glee for the Owls, four-touchdown underdogs who wound up losing 34-7. Scanlon got the job done by completing 16 of 20 passes for 223 yards and two touchdowns and by running for a pair of six-pointers.

Also displaying first feet and a lion hand was Quarterback Mike Mosley of Texas A&M, which Mowed Southern Methodist 47-14, the biggest scoring spree the Aggies have had against the Mustangs since 1916. Mosley, a 9.4 sprinter, scored on runs of one and 16 yards and passed for 165 yards.

1. HOUSTON (8-0)

2. ARKANSAS (7-1) 3. TEXAS (6-1)

MIDWEST Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler finds clouds on the sunniest days. "I don't think we had great consistency offensively," Bo said after facing Wisconsin. All his Wolverines did was pile up 590 yards while scoring 54 points. Butch Woolfolk, who gained 190 yards in 19 carries, had touchdown runs of one, 30 and 92 yards, the last a Michigan record. "They moved the ball on us much more than I like to see," Bo said of the Badgers, who did not score a single point.

"I kept praying to the Lord that I would get a chance to show what I could do," said Purdue's Ben McCall, a junior who had

run only 80 yards as a Bombermaker. McCall got the call against Iowa. He showed what he could do by playing at both tailback and fullback, rushing for 96 yards, catching eight passes for 95 yards and scoring twice as Purdue won 20-14. There were plenty of passes, Mark Herrmann of Purdue hitting on 21 of 38 for 236 yards, Phil Sues of the Hawkeyes on 23 of 34 for 248 yards.

Indiana assured itself of its first winning season since 1968 by flooring Minnesota 42-24. The Hoosiers set a team mark for yardage against a Big Ten foe (548) as Tim Clifford passed for 187 yards and Mike Harkinder rushed for 132.

Coach George Welch was brooding about his Navy squad. "I've been in major-college football 18 years and I've never been around a team hurt as much as this one," Dan Devine of Notre Dame, the Middles' opponent, could empathize, having lost 19 players for the season. Vagas Ferguson, one of the Irish walking wounded, carried 34 times for 155 yards as Notre Dame limped to a 14-0 win.

For the third straight week Oklahoma scored 38 points. And for the third time in a row that was plenty, the Sooners allowing Oklahoma State only seven points. Billy Sims'

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Paul McDonald, Southern Cal's 6'2", 180-pound senior quarterback, set team single-game records for passing yardage (180) and completions (25 in 35 tries) and tossed three TD passes as USC beat Arizona 34-7.

DEFENSE: Tim Flanagan, a 6'2½", 230-pound sophomore end for Miami, was in on 14 tackles—six of them behind the line of scrimmage and 11 of them solo efforts—as the Hurricanes jolted Penn State 26-10.

chances for a second consecutive Herman Trophy were dimmed even though he scored four times, because he gained only 71 yards.

Kansu outlasted Kansas State 36-28 in another Big Eight contest. Altogether, 929 yards of offense were chafed out in the game, with Mike Higgins of the Jayhawks rushing for 165 yards and three touchdowns and Darrell Dickey of the Wildcats hitting on 19 of 29 passes for 306 yards.

Central Michigan's 14-game winning streak was ended. But the Chippewas salvaged a 7-7 tie with Toledo to retain their half-game Mid-American lead over the Rockets.

Although hardly a candidate for No. 1 ranking (page 36), Bethany, an NAIA Division II powerhouse from Lindsay, Kan., stretched college football's longest victory string to 28 games. The Swedes accomplished this by flattening Bethel College 27-3.

1. NEBRASKA (9-0)

2. OKLAHOMA (7-1) 3. OHIO STATE (9-0)

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It says something about how much the American women wanted to win the Wightman Cup matches against Great Britain last week that Chris Evert Lloyd put her antibiotics aside and climbed out of a sickbed to play. After all, the most she could win was a, for her, trifling \$4,285. And player-coach Rosie Casals acted as if she were coaching football at Ohio State. Gnm and determined, she closed practice sessions to the public, scheduled chalk talks and for days kept everybody guessing about her starting lineup. The U.S. women let it be known they were playing for keeps as well as for their country.

The meaning of the Wightman Cup varies with the side of the Atlantic on which you are ordering your fish and chips. The Americans fear losing more than they relish winning. The British, on the other hand, relish winning very much indeed. Last year, when they upset the U.S. in London, the whistling, foot-stamping and flag-waving natives behaved as if they had just crowned a new monarch.

When the two teams met last week at the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club for the 51st Cup matches, Casals unsmilingly said, "We're shooting for 7-0." Said one of her teammates, "Rosie thinks she's a little Napoleon."

The Wightman Cup was inaugurated in 1923, and in the early going it seemed a splendid idea. Through the first eight meetings the competition was dead even at four wins apiece. Then the U.S. won 21 straight matches, and it seemed like an idea whose time was past.

But the British dauntlessly played on. And their perseverance has paid off with three victories in the past five years.

Thinking about the possibility of losing again—and at home—didn't help the Americans' composure early last week,



Tracy Austin (above) was a star in a resolute battle against the British as the U.S. team regained the Wightman Cup

A grim grip on the cup

nor did the news that Lloyd might not play because tonsillitis had put her in bed for three days. Everyone on the U.S. team seemed relieved when she arrived on Tuesday, saying that while she felt weak,

she was ready to practice. "The Wightman Cup means a lot to me," she said. "If there were a \$200,000 tournament somewhere this week, I'd play here."

With Lloyd and familiar turf on its side, the U.S. team, which included Casals, Tracy Austin, Kathy Jordan and Ann Kiyomura, had reason to feel confident instead of wary. In 14 previous Wightman Cup singles matches, Lloyd hadn't lost; in fact, she had dropped only two sets. Even in last year's 4-3 debacle she held up her end by allowing the top British pair, Sue Barker and Virginia Wade, to win a total of only four games.

Just as significantly, this year's Wightman was being played on clay, which the Americans favor. Over the years the British have only beaten the U.S. twice over here, and their players grimace at the mention of clay courts. "It's their option to name the surface and they'd be foolish to pick anything else," said Wade.

The format was to be five singles and two doubles matches spread over Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Casals posted men with walrus-tailies to shoo off

onlookers from secret practice sessions at which she was trying to find the best doubles combinations.

But while Wightman tennis is always serious, off the court the week can be one big pajama party. On Wednesday night the U.S. players decided to celebrate Halloween. They put on masks and, accompanied by Midnight, Casals' dog, which wore a scarf and a blinking disco collar, they roamed through the community of Wellington outside the club grounds. Said team trainer Connie Spooner, "Everybody went disguised as something, except for Midnight. He went disguised as a dog." The players selected trick-or-treat targets according to the splendor of the cars in the driveways, and

continued

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discovered that even among the Rolfs-Royces, times seem to be hard. "Gee," said Lloyd, looking down into her bag of goodies. "When I was a little kid they gave you candy bars. Now you get a piece of bubble gum—and it's sugarless."

On Friday, Lloyd opened the competition with a match against Barker, who never has had much luck against Chris. Still, she broke off to 4-2 and 5-3 leads and was serving for the opening set as everyone peered intently at Lloyd for signs of exhaustion. Instead, they saw the same old Chris, who went on a tear that produced seven straight winning games. Keeping the ball on Barker's tremulous backhand and mixing in a few judicious drop shots, she won the first set and took a 3-0 lead in the second.

During this stretch, play was interrupted by rain with Lloyd serving at 6-5. Barker raced into the locker room and was in the shower when someone called that the match was resuming. By the time she returned to the court, her concentration was frazzled. "I was all moved up," she said. Lloyd thereupon recorded her 15th straight Wightman singles victory, 7-5, 6-2.

In the other singles match on Friday, the two No. 3 players, Kathy Jordan of the U.S. and Anne Hobbs of Great Britain, met in what could have been a pivotal encounter. The British felt that if Hobbs, a virtual unknown who rarely gets past the first round of tournaments, could beat Jordan and even the the score at 1-1, it might put additional pressure on Austin when she faced Wade Saturday.

The strategy was to be patient against Jordan, an aggressive, hard-hitting 19-year-old who had Tracy against the wall at the U.S. Open this year before losing to her in the fourth round. Last week was Jordan's first taste of Cup play, and if she didn't feel the pressure it wasn't for lack of British psych warfare. Throughout the week the British kept bringing up Jordan's inexperience, figuring she would get the message.

The trouble was that Hobbs was apparently getting the same message. She opened nervously against Jordan, dropping the first set 6-4 after squandering

a couple of early service breaks, and falling behind 3-1 in the second. But she battled back to 4-4 before the rain started falling again, this time in a torrent, and play was adjourned for the day.

Saturday was a long, dark time for the British, beginning at morning practice and not ending until almost 10 p.m. The Hobbs-Jordan match was scheduled to resume at 1 p.m., at which time more rain fell. Play finally got under way at 4 and started well enough for the British when Hobbs won the second set in a tie-breaker. If ever Jordan was going to yield to her reputed impulsiveness and the pressure, it was now. Instead, she settled down and took away Hobbs' slow-ball game in the third set by hitting out on ground strokes and charging the net, racing through the slop for a 6-2 win and the match.

In London it was getting on toward midnight as the 16-year-old Austin took the court against Wade, the 34-year-old veteran. The British were watching on television and what they saw was familiar—Wade coming out aggressively, driv-

ing herself, attacking the ball and all but defying Austin to handle the furious pace. But Tracy, beaten in three sets by Wade last year, when she was 15, would not be cowed. She was just as aggressive as Wade and immeasurably better, and eased through the first set 6-1.

In the second set, Wade made a fight of it and had a chance to go up a break after taking a love-40 lead in the eighth game. But that was her last hurrah. She then made six straight errors. In the next game Wade double-faulted at a critical point and was broken, and Austin served out the match, winning the last set 6-4.

It was the end, and the British knew it. They were down 3-0 and Lloyd was waiting on Sunday, and when England's Jo Durie and Debbie Jevans took the court against Austin and Kiyomura for the doubles, they were mere shells. Austin slashed service returns past them, and Kiyomura, 15th in the world this season, played steadily as the U.S. carved out a 6-3, 6-1 victory. That gave the home side the fourth and deciding point of the series. Just before the end, an

American couple sitting alone in the stands popped a bottle of champagne.

But the Americans weren't done yet. They wanted to finish without losing a match; Lloyd said they talked about it "every night." (She also was a bit miffed because she felt people were spending more time commiserating with the British than commending the brilliant play of the U.S. and she kidded that her teammates were expecting a congratulatory call from President Carter.)

Sunday was windy and dark, with occasional droplets of rain, a perfect day for the American design. The pallbearers poked up the British casket as Austin beat Barker 6-4, 6-2 in the opening singles, carried it slowly to the grave when Lloyd destroyed Wade 6-1, 6-1 and dropped it in after Lloyd and Casals humbled Wade and Barker 6-0, 6-1 in the doubles finale. "Everything went according to schedule," said Casals smugly. She now had a 19-2 coaching record in Wightman Cup matches and no longer felt the need for secrecy. **END**



Jordan won a three set, two day match, putting the U.S. up 2-0

Look who's marching in

After 12 dismal seasons, the Saints have finally discovered the road to victory

Good afternoon," said the stewardess over the intercom last Saturday as the New Orleans Saints' charter prepared to take off for Denver. "We'd like to welcome aboard the leaders of the NFC West." At this unexpected greeting, a gasp was heard from the back of the plane—the sort of amazed, self-congratulatory noise one makes when he manages to balance his checkbook for the first time. Small wonder. For the first time in history, the Saints were the sole leaders of the NFC West.

That's right, folks, the New Orleans Saints, Pete Rozelle's entry in *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour*, a team that until a few weeks ago hadn't led the NFL in anything except squandered first draft choices, fired head coaches and consecutive losing seasons, 12. Looking at it another way, the Saints had a perfect record—12 losing seasons in their 12 NFL seasons. Now, as they flew to Denver, the Saints sported a 5-4 record and a surprising one-game lead over the once-mighty Los Angeles Rams.

This state of affairs seemed highly unlikely only a month ago. At that time the Saints were 2-4 and had just been shellacked 35-17 by the Rams in the Superdome. Rumors surfaced that Coach Dick Nolan's job was in jeopardy. Critics were lambasting Nolan's flex defense, which was allowing more than 27 points a game. One candidate for Louisiana state representative promised that, if elected, he would ban the flex. Yes, it was business as usual in New Orleans.

Then, abruptly, the Saints did an

about-face. Yielding a total of just four touchdowns, they rattled off three straight victories, equaling their longest winning streak ever. Meanwhile, the Rams lost three straight. New Orleans took sole possession of first place two weeks ago in Washington, when it upset the Redskins 14-10 by stopping them 18 times without a score in goal-to-go situations. That night 3,000 people gathered at Mouton Airport to welcome the Saints home. "They were chanting, 'Dee-fense. Dee-fense,'" says Safety Tommy Myers. "A few weeks earlier they could have dropped us all in the Mississippi without a lick of remorse."

And so, suddenly, New Orleans was faced Sunday with a Big Game, a showdown between the NFC West leader and the AFC West co-leader. As Quarterback Archie Manning put it, "The only big games we used to have was when your grandmother came to see you play."

Unfortunately for the Saints, on Sunday it was the Broncos, a team which has stayed atop the AFC West for two seasons now, who met that test. Denver edged New Orleans 10-3, scoring the decisive touchdown early in the fourth quarter on a 17-play, 76-yard, eight-minute drive. Wide Receiver Rick Upchurch covered the final 12 yards with a short

continued



Former Dolphin Don Reese (80) has booted up New Orleans' pass rush and given snap to the flex.

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Craig Morton pass. The Saints crossed midfield on their three remaining possessions, but were stopped each time by the Broncos. New Orleans' last gasp ended at the Denver 34 as the Bronco rush forced Manning to throw the ball away on fourth-and-four with 1:08 remaining.

Nevertheless, New Orleans remained

however, at the ripe old age of 40, Meccom appears to be acting with more deliberation. Whatever the outcome of Meccom's maneuverings, Nolan's job seems secure. Nolan, who won three NFC West titles as head coach of the 49ers in the early 1970s, joined the Saints as a linebacker coach in 1977, and then was elevated to the top spot after that season when Meccom surprisingly axed Hank Stram. Last year Nolan coached the Saints to seven wins, their most ever. Low-key and taciturn, he is known around the league as Mute Rockne.

Nolan spends most of his time with the Saints' defense. In recent weeks his hotly debated flex, which he learned from Tom Landry as an assistant at Dallas and later used in San Francisco, has produced results. One reason for the defense's improvement has been the play of End Don Reese, who in 1977 was one of two Miami Dolphins sentenced to prison for selling cocaine. The year Reese spent in the Dade County Stockade, the Saints drafted Maryland's 6'6", 254-pound Joe Campbell in the first round, thinking he would solve their defensive-end worries for a decade. Now Reese has replaced Campbell in the starting lineup, and his

pass-rushing has been invaluable. Reese was a first draft choice of the Dolphins, but after the conviction the Saints were able to acquire him for a third-round pick. They now think the trade was a steal, a feeling one of the Saints recently conveyed to Reese by telling him, "I swear I'm glad you went to jail."

It is the New Orleans offense, not the defense, which carries the team, thanks to three of the Saints' first-round selections who have panned out—Manning, Running Back Chuck Muncie and Wide Receiver Wes Chandler. Manning, the top choice in 1971, was plagued by injuries for years; two arm operations sidelined him for the entire 1976 season, and he considered quitting football. "I thought I'd go back to Mississippi and raise pigs or something," Manning says. "I was discouraged. My arm hurt and we were getting the stew beat out of us. The reason I didn't quit was that I didn't know how to go about it." Last year, healthy for the first time since 1973, Manning threw for 3,416 yards and was named the NFC Player of the Year.

Muncie, the No. 1 pick in 1976, ran for 54 yards against the Broncos and needs just 310 more in the final six games to become the first Saint ever to reach 1,000. "Chuck is playing twice as well as he ever has before, which makes him about half as good as he can be," says one teammate.

When Manning goes to the air, his deep threat is Chandler, the No. 1 choice in 1978. Chandler was only a part-time performer at wide receiver last season. This fueled suspicion that the Saints had wasted still another first-round pick. Some critics questioned whether the 5'11", 186-pound Chandler was big enough for the NFL. Well, before this season began, Chandler brashly predicted he would catch 80 passes, something no wide receiver has done since Dave Parks and Lionel Taylor in 1965. Chandler caught three on Sunday in Denver and has 44 for the season. He leads the NFC with 783 yards.

Chandler says he wants to be recognized as the greatest receiver in pro football. And if he is, he would like to be known as the Count, a reference to Count Dracula who, Chandler says, was widely recognized as the greatest at his specialty. Be that as it may, Chandler can content himself for the time being with the knowledge that at last the Saints are showing some very sharp teeth. **END**



Nolan (left) has more job security now that the Saints share first place with L.A. The bespectacled Muncie has cured the Saints' running woes.

in first place, sharing the top spot with the Rams, who beat the Seattle Seahawks 24-0. More important, even in defeat the Saints showed that at long last they belong on the same field with the best.

Throughout their history the Saints have been plagued by an unstable organization. Under impetuous John Meccom, who, at 27, was the youngest owner in the NFL when he was granted the New Orleans franchise in 1966, there has been a constantly revolving—nay, spinning—door for front-office executives and head coaches. Among other disasters, this instability has produced terrible drafts. Between 1972 and 1975 the Saints made four first-round picks—and each player was a total bust. This year's first choice, Kicker Russell Erkleben, played in the first regular-season game but has been sidelined since then by a muscle pull.

Recently, Meccom hinted that there will be another organizational shake-up at the end of the '79 season. This time,



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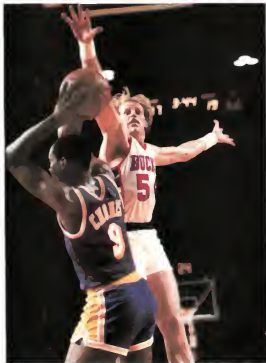
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After two frustrating seasons, the maligned Benson is beginning to assert himself in the middle

Milwaukee's brewing

The Bucks had a shocker on tap: a fast start resulting in a nifty 10-2 record

The results of early polls from selected precincts in Chicago, San Diego, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Salt Lake City and Denver, not to mention the entire great state of Wisconsin, indicate that Milwaukee is a serious candidate to be on the league's championship slate in May.

With five wins on the road and five more at home, the Bucks had a 10-2 record at week's end. Despite that consid-

erable success, Milwaukee doesn't have unanimous support in the polls. There's a conservative view that so many things can and will happen during the long primary season that the Bucks could be a dim memory when the serious campaigning gets under way next spring. The bold opinion says that Milwaukee—with 2.58 years of experience per man, the second-youngest team (Detroit is the youngest) in the NBA—is hungry enough, deep enough and versatile enough to burst from the pack the way Phoenix, Portland and Seattle have in the recent past.

The first big endorsement came from Los Angeles Coach Jack McKinney after the Bucks beat their former standard-bearer, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and the Lakers 110-106 last Wednesday. Was McKinney stunned to see L.A.'s five-game winning streak snapped? Not at all. "The Bucks are one of the five best teams in the league," he said. "Besides us, Philadelphia, Portland, Phoenix and Boston. Make that six."

Was it a mere slip that McKinney left out Seattle, the league's defending champion? In the NBA, as in presidential politics, incumbency seems to be a curse these days. Indeed, last Saturday, as Sonic Assistant Coach Les Habegger watched the Bucks gut out their 10th straight victory in Chicago Stadium, 136-134 in overtime, he had to whistle at what he saw. "The Bucks look like we looked last year," said Habegger. "They have that desire and confidence. And they get help all the way down to the end of their bench." Is there something wrong with the Sonics, who have gotten off to a 7-5 start? It was hard to tell Sunday night when Seattle ended the Bucks' streak with a 114-101 victory.

The Milwaukee Arena—with 10,938 seats, one of the NBA's smallest—is SRO every time the Bucks play. And why not? They have the league's only healthy Walton (Reserve Guard Lloyd; Ann Meyers' brother Dave, who was a pretty fair player at UCLA, too; and the NBA's best and most exciting non-center, Forward Marques Johnson.

It seems the Bucks must be giving out free gasoline the way people are lining

continued



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up outside their ticket office. On bumper stickers and T-shirts, on the streets and in the bars where Milwaukee's beer drinkers take their basketball very seriously, the slogan seen and heard is "Green and Growing." But the Bucks' youth is offset by their depth and talent, and the fact that they made a strong playoff run two years ago when they were even greener. Three members of the Bucks remain from the 1975 trade that sent Abdul-Jabbar to the Lakers. Guard Brian Winters (18.5 points a game) and Forward Meyers (14.3) are Milwaukee's third- and fourth-leading scorers. Junior Bridgeman, the No. 2 point producer at 20.8, comes off the bench, plays forward or guard, shoots 54% and is one of the most productive sixth men in the league.

The 1976 draft brought Lead Guard Quinn Buckner, a veteran of Olympic and NCAA championship teams, from Indiana. And in 1977 came Johnson, now 23 and the Bucks' leading scorer with a 23.5 average, and Center Kent Benson.

Though Johnson showed Coach Don Nelson that "he was better than we ever thought he would be on his first day of training camp," Benson was another story. Being brutally punched in the face by Abdul-Jabbar in his first NBA game didn't help, but Benson had gotten off on the wrong foot with Nelson earlier by refusing to play summer-league basketball. "Nellie couldn't understand that Bennie cared more about God and fishing than basketball," says one of Benson's friends, "and he has never forgiven him for it." Nor did it bolster Benson's confidence to ride the bench behind John Gianelli and then hear that Nelson couldn't find a team willing to take Benson in a trade. Forced to stick with him, Nelson finally moved Benson ahead of Gianelli in the second half of last season. Benson's confidence gradually grew, as did Nelson's estimation of him.

"Knowing that everyone had me tabbed as a major disappointment had me very down," says Benson. "But I knew all I had to do was hang in until I could get the playing time I needed. Now I'm much more confident. I know I can play in the NBA and do the things it takes to win." Benson still isn't a dominant center, and he'll never be, but at 6'10", 235 pounds, he sets as good a pick as Wes Unseld, rebounds nearly as well as Alvan Adams and scores as well as Clifford Ray. All three have been effective but non-dominating centers on

teams that made it to the playoff finals.

Against Abdul-Jabbar last week Benson had 19 points and nine rebounds, and he hooked up with Meyers on a series of flawlessly executed give-and-go baskets in the last two minutes that put the game away. Asked if it was Benson's best performance yet, Nelson hesitated, then surprised even himself by saying, "No. You know, Bennie plays every night now. That's not how he used to be."

Benson's steady play has been only one of the Bucks' blessings. Another has been Meyers' recovery from a back injury—a ruptured disk rubbing against his sciatic nerve—that forced him to miss all of last season. Surgery was recommended by some doctors, but Meyers declined. Being a Jehovah's Witness, he is forbidden to take blood transfusions. "I could only hope that he could come back," says Nelson. Meanwhile the coach protected himself at the power forward spot by trading Ernie Grunfeld for Richard Washington. That move has paid off doubly because, while Washington has been a useful sub, Meyers has been starting and playing with all his old abandon, wearing football-style pads to protect his back.

The jubilation over Meyers' return was tempered somewhat by Johnson's preseason holdout, which received soap-opera coverage in the Milwaukee press. Would owner Jim Fitzgerald renegotiate Johnson's contract, which had four years to run, at what Johnson perceived to be the non-superstar salary of \$200,000 per year? Would Johnson actually sit out, force a trade and leave Milwaukee? The happy ending: Johnson got more money, in the form of a \$100,000 bonus, though Fitzgerald stuck to his guns and didn't renegotiate. The Bucks had their big gun, and Meyers, too. And a slimmed-down Buckner and rookie Guard Sidney Moncrief, a prospective star who barely gets any playing time. And the extra ingredient that makes them so potent—Bridgeman.

"I'm watching Junior like I watched Marques last year," says Buckner. "J.B.'s doing things you can't believe."

"What makes us a good team is that we don't have to have a big night from any one guy," says Meyers. "Last year it had to be Marques or Brian. Now all of a sudden, I'm back, there's Junior. Bennie. We come from everywhere."

The question is, will they be going anywhere come May?

END

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WHEN IN DOUBT, PUNT!!

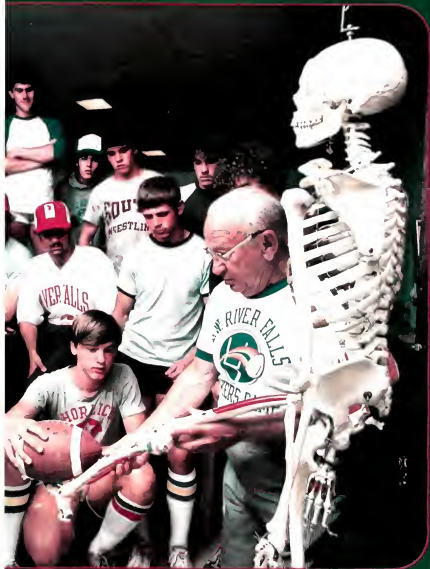
Krute Rockne's maxim may be valid, but there's more to it than just blasting a football by RICK TELANDER

The situation was under control. I was standing at our 35, loose-limbed, waiting for the snap. I was punting for the Florida Sun of the Florida Football League, a 12-team semi-pro league in which some players get paid but a lot—including our entire team—don't.

I had been practicing for months, hammering footballs over trees, houses and light poles, all the while keeping in mind the words my mentor, a spry 78-year-old from Fort Lauderdale named Dr. Edward J. (Doc) Storey, had bor-

continued





At one of his kicking camps, Doc Storey strips the art of punting to its bare bones.

PUNT!

continued

rowed from Kaute Rockne: when in doubt, punt. This was no gimmick, no look-at-the-poor-writer-making-a-fool-of-himself experiment in participatory journalism. To the members of the Sun, I was their punter, no more, no less. I'd punted in college. As a junior at Northwestern in 1969 I set a 10-game, single-season school record for most punts (77) and total yardage (2,860). I'd punted in high school and grade school and in several touch- and flag-football leagues after college. All told, I estimated, I'd punted about 600 times in competition.

And yet I remembered so little of it. There were a few crystalline moments that stuck out: a high, arcing, perfectly spiraling 58-yarder against Purdue at West Lafayette, Ind.; a nauseatingly low line-drive 32-yarder against Notre Dame at South Bend being returned in front of 59,075 green-hatted lunatics for a touchdown (with me missing the final tackle). But the rest was blurred.

Punting was something I did as a sideline while playing football. I never practiced. Nobody practiced punting. I don't even know how I came to punt in the first place. Undoubtedly, at each level of my career there was a coach who said, "Who can punt?" And I'd raise my hand and be handed a ball. I'd kick and the coach would say, "O.K., you punt. Now, who can kick off?"

The line was set. Everyone was still. The center snapped, and as the ball climbed at an unnatural angle, I thought briefly of my father.

H. R. Telander, a modest, good-humored, successful busi-

nessman, started when I was at an early age to imbue me with maxims he felt might prove beneficial in life. One of those, "Own nothing, control everything," speaks for itself. Another, "Don't let the bastards get you down," proved uplifting during my adolescence. The third one diverged from the others in that it was metaphorical and reflected a viewpoint at once playful and profound.

"When in doubt, punt," my father would say to me as we motored along a flat Illinois highway or when he passed a platter of corn. The adage was seldom spoken with football in mind. Two years ago, when to all appearances my punting days were long gone and this story wasn't conceived, my father sent me a T-shirt with the words WHEN IN DOUBT, PUNT emblazoned across the chest. No mere slogan, these were words to live by.

When the ball reached its zenith, a good four feet above my head, I stopped thinking of my father. In all his monologues he'd said nothing that could help me now.

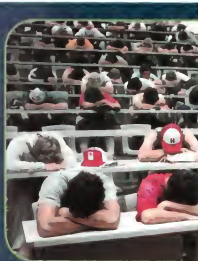
THE HISTORY

The word "punt," which comes from rugby, is onomatopoeic. That is, a good punt—solid leather hitting at a 20-degree angle across the navicular and cuneiforms of the foot before spiraling off the metatarsals—sounds like itself: punt. In the NFL, punting is done primarily on fourth down, when a team feels that it's too risky to go for a first down and that it is out of field-goal range.

Some pro fans may even believe the only time a team



Masked Telander gets "kinesthetic feel."



can punt is on fourth down. This, circumstantial evidence to the contrary, is not true. A team may punt after a safety or a fair catch or even in the middle of a kickoff return. The absence of the quick kick—punting from a “short-punt” formation on third down (or second or first, for that matter)—is one of the mysteries of the pro playbook. Not only does quick-kicking enable the punting team to catch the defenders without a deep safety, but it also makes it virtually certain the ball will have a chance to roll. Very long quick kicks are common in college. Against Alabama this year, Georgia Tech Quarterback Mike Kelley unleashed an 80-yarder. My freshman year in college, Northwestern upset the University of Miami—ranked first in the nation in some preseason polls—by quick-kicking several times, punting for an average of over 60 yards.

Chicago Bears General Manager Jim Finks says the pros have stopped using the quick kick because “they hate to give up the ball,” even for one down deep in their own territory. “The whole league is conservative,” adds New York Jets special teams coach Joe Garcia. “And yes, sometimes it ticks me off. For instance, I guarantee that fake punts will work five out of 10 times, as will on-sides kicks.” Garcia says that the Jets would be a logical team to use the quick kick because Quarterback Richard Todd is a fine punter. Dallas, which employs the shotgun offense, is another obvious choice, as are the Bears, who could have Walter Payton quick-kick off fake sweeps. The versatile Payton averaged 39.0 yards per punt at Jackson State.

“If punting could be taught, every athlete could punt,” columnist Bill Gleason of the *Chicago Sun-Times* wrote recently. “Punting seems to be a mysterious gift bestowed at birth on a few male children.” Most people believe this, and perhaps it is true. Doc Storey asked B. J. Underwood, Oakland Raider Punter Ray Guy’s college coach at Southern Mississippi, how he’d taught Guy to put such tremendous force into the ball. “I didn’t teach him a damn thing,” Underwood said. “He came here like that.”

In earlier years, before platooning and specialization came to football, it was often the best athlete who kicked for his team. Sid Luckman, Ace Parker and Sammy Baugh all punted for their pro clubs. More recently, the likes of Houston Quarterback Dan Pastorini, Cardinal Tight End Jackie Smith, Miami Running Back Larry Seiple and Dallas backup Quarterback Danny White have been their teams’ regular punter at one time or another. Jerrel Wilson, the former Kansas City Chiefs punter, began his career as a running back. Punter Bob Parsons of the Bears is a substitute tight end. Guy was an outstanding defensive back in college with 18 career interceptions.

However, with more and more punters taking up their specialty as early as junior high, average athletes who have, in fact, “learned” their skill are making their mark. An example is Bobby Grupp, who tried out for the Jets two years ago but was cut for being “too slow and mechanical.” After spending time working with Ray Pelfrey, a sort of West Coast Doc Storey who conducts kicking camps in Cali-

continued



Lying down on the job to “implant.”



Bama's Woody Umphrey is a prize pupil.

PUNT!

continued

fornia and Washington, Grupp improved enough to be signed by the Chiefs this season, and he currently leads the NFL in punting with a 45.3-yard average.

Just as there is no play during which an offensive team cannot punt, there is also no time when it must punt. In general, a team's number of punts is inversely related to the strength of its offense. In 1969 I kicked 77 times for Northwestern because, I must confess, we had a terrible attack. Punting for a team with powerhouse offense is almost like not punting at all. In 1973 Greg Gantt averaged an amazing 48.7 yards per kick for Alabama but missed a chance at the NCAA national title because he only punted 25 times, 10 fewer than were needed to qualify.

In general, college punting averages are rising. Though the NCAA record is still the 48.1 set by Merv Baileman of Utah in 1971, Jim Miller of Mississippi came fairly close to that in 1977 with a 45.9-yard average, best in the colleges that year. Last season Miller dropped to sixth in the national standings, finishing behind, among others, leader Maury Buford of Texas Tech (44.1 yds.), and Rick Partridge of Utah (43.9) and Russell Erxleben of Texas (43.4), both of whom are now in the NFL, where an average punt travels 40 yards.

The NFL record for the longest yardage punt belongs to Steve O'Neal, D.D.S., a former Jet, who hammered a 98-yarder—from the one to the one—against Denver in 1969. O'Neal's mark can be tied but not broken. Because the line of scrimmage can never be less than the one—at least for statistical purposes—and because any punted ball that crosses the goal line at the other end automatically comes out to the 20, a kick of 99 net yards is not possible.

Punters can do anything with the ball once they receive it. Unfortunately, these days they are seldom asked to do anything but kick it. In the past, punters like Notre Dame's George Gipp and USC's Frank Gifford kept defenses guessing on fourth down by running with, drop-kicking or passing the ball on occasion. (In a punting situation Gipp once faked a run and then drop-kicked a 62-yard field goal.) One of the last of that breed was Halfback-Punter John Isenbarger, who played for Indiana in the late '60s. Nicknamed Punt John Punt, Isenbarger admitted he had no idea what he was going to do with the ball once he lined up in punt formation.

Pro coaches, who are not a particularly daring bunch, point out the dangers of fooling around in such "critical" situations. Look what happened to that Erxleben boy this

year, they say. What happened to Erxleben, who, besides Ray Guy, is the only NFL punter to have been drafted in the first round, was that after a bad snap in a Saints-Falcons game he tried a two-handed pass that was intercepted by an Atlanta player, who ran it back for what proved to be the winning touchdown.

What Erxleben must learn, of course, is that a punter is not paid to use his imagination, not even if he was drafted ahead of several high-dollar quarterback and innovative running backs. That is the main reason that punters as a group are the lowest-paid players in the NFL.

THE COACH

Dr. Edward J. Storey was born in Summerville, Mass. on May 10, 1901. Since that time he has witnessed—as player, coach, or fan—a lot of football games. By his own reckoning he has seen everything that can happen when a football strikes a foot. Called Doc since he earned his Ed.D. in health administration from NYU in 1941, Storey has made the study of booting "the prolate spheroid" his obsession. "A lot of my old punters have passed away," he says. "But this kicking business has kept me alive."

Because Doc and I both live in south Florida, he was the obvious choice to help me with my comeback. He accepted the role and within days of our first telephone conversation began sending me letters with instructions on stretching exercises, warmup drills and proper punting attire: thin cotton socks for better impact and a kicking shoe with parallel lacing to create a rifling effect, with the laces tied on the side or back to prevent the knot from touching the ball, and with

low cleats on the toe to avoid catching the turf. He sent me articles on self-hypnosis, on the power of imagination (Doc is a great believer in self-motivation), on the structure of the foot, on the drop kick (Doc is an authority on all types of kicking), on bedtime exercises ("Sit down on the side of the bed and place the football on your ankle.... Then try to pass it to the wastepaper can. Do this 100 times or so....").

Doc, I soon learned, is a constant, voluminous, even profound, letter writer. Several times his envelopes were stuffed so full of material that I had to pay postage due. The world according to Doc is enlightening, and everything applies to kicking. Once, after I had written him telling how I'd nearly broken my left ankle jumping off a curb in Chicago, he sent me a treatise on "Motor-Visco Behavioral Rehearsal," followed by the postscript, "All best wish-

continued



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PUNT!

continued

es for your bad ankle. That is your balance foot, you know."

Though officially retired after 35 years of coaching and school-administration work, Doc is never idle. He lectures Fort Lauderdale businessmen on public speaking; he acts as the chairman of the Brian Piccolo Chapter of the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame; he presides over at least two kicking camps each summer, in River Falls, Wis. and Chester, Pa.; he writes articles on football for *Athletic Journal* and other publications; and he gives individual instruction to dozens of aspiring young kickers.

A few years ago *The New York Times* called Doc "the greatest living authority on punting." According to Doc, who at 5'3" was never a good punter, though he was a decent "bouncing-ball type" runner for Temple while doing postgraduate work on a semi-pro team in the Philadelphia area called the Howards, two major events were responsible for his becoming an expert on punting.

The first occurred shortly after he graduated from the University of New Hampshire in 1922 with a degree in electrical engineering. Sent to St. John's, Newfoundland to work for Western Union, Doc, who was then known as Shorty, learned of his imminent transfer to a tiny Nova Scotia village in the dead of winter. "I found out there were going to be 35 of us male workers and no young women. That was the end of my engineering career."

Three days after returning to the U.S., Doc got a job as a teacher and football coach at the Powder Point School in Duxbury, Mass. It was the first in a series of high school jobs that eventually led to his appointment in 1926 as Director of Health and Physical Education for the Mamaroneck (N.Y.) public schools and head football coach at Mamaroneck High School. It was in his third season at Mamaroneck that the second major event occurred.

"We were playing Mount Vernon, a team that always beat us badly, and this was the first year I thought we had a chance," he says. "We took the opening kick down to their three but we couldn't score. We held, and their punter had to kick from behind their goal line. Well, he took the ball like this [Doc holds a football with his right hand directly underneath it and his left on one side], the way I teach now, and he booted it over our safety's head. It rolled and rolled and rolled all the way to our 20."

"They kicked like that all day, and they beat us 20-6. Now I'm a curious man, and I knew I had to get to the bottom of this. So after the game I talked to the Mount Vernon coach and asked him who was teaching their kickers. He said Mr. Leroy Mills, a local lawyer. That was the beginning of my relationship with Mr. Mills."

In 1932 Leroy Mills, a pipe-smoking former punter for Princeton, wrote *Kicking the American Football*, the first full-length book on the subject. Mills and Doc became good friends, and Doc's teams prospered because of it. "We never had another punt blocked, and we won many games just by putting balls out in the coffin corners." It was Mills, in fact, who coined the phrase "coffin corner" to describe the sideline inside an opponent's 10, an area where the opposition could effectively be "buried."

Doc developed a number of good punters at Mamaroneck, including Bill Van Heusen, who played for the Den-

ver Broncos from 1968 to 1976. But the best of them all, according to Doc, was a boy named Joe De Palma who graduated in 1935. "Joe could make the ball do anything he wanted: spiral, go end over end, roll forward, backward or sideways. I'd blindfold him, and he'd kick and tell me within five yards where the ball landed."

De Palma, now a retired Long Island school superintendent, recalls that Doc stressed the kicking game but that there was nothing mystical about his approach. "Really, there's no reason why you can't almost hit a blanket every time," he says. "It's all balance and practicing till you're like a blind man reacting in the dark. I'll tell you, all these runbacks today really bother me."

After practicing Doc's techniques for a month I visited him at his Fort Lauderdale home, where he lives with Helen, his wife of 47 years. One of the first things he showed me was a copy of Mills' book, inscribed "To my old friend, Edward J. Storey" and dated Aug. 8, 1936. Next Doc showed me a copy of his own book, *Secrets of Kicking the Football*, which was printed in 1971 and has sold more than 10,000 copies. Thumbing casually through it, I came to a portentous paragraph: "One good reason for learning to kick on the run is that it is very good practice for other kicking. You can never tell when the skill will come in handy." Indeed, indeed.

We sat down and Doc launched into a winding monologue that centered around punting but included bits of history, physics, anthropology and, of course, opinion. Doc explained that momentum equals mass times velocity, particularly when you're dealing with a heavy leg and a 15-ounce ball, and that punters should not leave the ground when they punt. "Do you realize that if a 200-pound kicker leaves the ground by six inches, he's used 100 pounds of energy that can't be transferred to the ball?"

It is dizzying to talk with a man like Doc, whose career spans athletic generations, who has pen pals and confidants who are 18 years old, yet who was a friend of Rocky. Doc was midway through a long spiel about a turn-of-the-century field goal, which dropped on the crossbar and for which the kicking team was awarded 1½ points, when the phone rang. It was an assistant coach at Kentucky, Bill Glaser, and he wanted some advice.

"That's right," said Doc after listening for a time. "I don't believe in giving the safetymen an even break.... Let the ball bounce up and hit him in the mush.... Just send \$4.50, and we'll get the book out to you."

Doc hung up and thought for a moment. "You see, you've got to take every advantage you can," he said. "I'd have my own safeties catch 100 punts a day, from the worst punter on our team. That way they were ready for anything. In 1934, when Columbus was going to the Rose Bowl, I was helping my friend, Coach Lou Little, with his kickers. I told Lou, 'It might rain out there, you know,' so we had the punter practice some with a ball soaked in a pail of water. Sure enough, it poured in Pasadena, and Stanford's punter had all kinds of trouble. But the Columbia kid kept the ball in the corners all day, and Columbia won 7-0."

Doc patted the football he'd been cradling in his arm and looked at my right foot. "As for you, let's go out to the park and take a look at that form."

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PUNT!

continued

THE WORKOUTS

I started practicing five days a week, following Doc's instructions and keeping a chart to gauge my progress. The first heading on the chart was "Image Rehearsal." This was Doc's method for "implanting the brain with exactly what you want to do." What I wanted to implant in my brain was the perfect punt.

But what is a perfect punt? For many, it is Ray Guy winding up and blasting one 60 yards downfield. But Guy's punts, though things of beauty, often outstrip the Raiders' pursuit and are returned for good yardage. For example, against Kansas City this season his seven punts were run back for a total of 141 yards, including one 59-yard boomer that J. T. Smith returned 88 yards for a touchdown.

Four years ago the NFL added a net-yardage category (gross yardage minus return and touchback yardage) to its statistical evaluation of punters. This helps greatly in determining the overall effectiveness of a punter, but it still doesn't take into account such things as weather conditions, bad snaps, poor tackling and hang time.

The Jets, like most pro teams, have worked out their own evaluation system. They want their punts to average more than 40 yards and their coverage team to allow less than three yards per return. They want the center snap to take .7 second and the punter to get rid of the ball in 1.3 seconds, for a total of two seconds. "Your linemen should cover 40 yards in six seconds," says special teams coach Joe Garcia. "If the punter gets the ball off in two seconds, a 40 hang time on a 40-yard punt should get the job done. Anything over that is great."

The second heading on my chart was "Plantar Extension." This entails pointing the kicking foot down forcefully 100 times in a row. It's a useful exercise because it ensures that when the ball strikes the ankle, the area will be as rigid and straight as possible. According to Doc, barefooted punters like Mississippi's Jim Miller or Arkansas' Ish Ordonez or Chuck Ramsey of the Jets (who wears only a sock) are not as crazy as they appear. "They're just making certain nothing interferes with that good contact," Doc says.

The third heading was "Stretching," a vital one for punters because they must enter games cold and immediately make a violent motion. Guy, who says he'd like to hit his nose with his knee on a punt—and nearly has—is probably the most limber of all NFL punters. He works constantly on his stretching.

Of all the muscles involved, hamstrings cause the most trouble, particularly on cold days or on a slick field. I came home from one practice session, flipped on the tube and watched Miami's George Roberts pull his hamstring while punting in sodden Shea Stadium. My exercises include three different hamstring stretchers.

The fourth heading was "Passing the Ball." To do this I placed the ball on my foot and "passed" it to a spot a few yards away. This was done to develop a feel for the ball on the foot, or what Doc calls a "kinesthetic sense." "All great punters have it," he says. "A good punt literally feels good."

The final category was "Punting." At a park near my home in Key West I measured the distance between two palm trees—52 yards—and used the area between them as

my field. A good punt will go from tree to tree, roughly a 42-yarder—punters generally being 10 yards behind the line of scrimmage when they kick. My best efforts curved into the top fronds of the target tree, occasionally bringing down a coconut or a startled lizard.

Doc expects his punters to kick 200 or 300 punts a day. "You aren't going to hurt that great big muscle," he says, indicating the quadriceps of the thigh. This was the first point at which I had to disagree with Doc and his theories. I could punt 300 times in a season, but I couldn't chase 300 punted balls. Almost all of my kicks travel at least 60 yards in some direction. Chasing 300 punts would mean running more than 10 miles.

I informed Doc of this, and he nodded and asked why I didn't find myself a punt returner. Ah! The bane of all punters, the very reason punting is such a solitary pastime. Nobody likes to catch and return punts. In my several months of practicing I press-ganged exactly four returners into service.

The first was actually a group—a trio of medical students who were vacationing in Florida and sleeping on my living-room floor. Between beers and sessions of skin-peeling I forced them to catch my punts or find other lodging. The second returner was an overweight charter-boat captain who looked so wasted after a mere 30 punts that his wife forbade him to visit me in the afternoons. The third returner was an agile carpenter who did not sweat. He was forced to quit after he hit his thumb with a hammer.

The fourth returner was a man who had been sitting under a tree with his son, watching me kick. Occasionally the man would comment to the boy on my technique. After a time I asked the man if he'd like to catch some punts, and he said he certainly would.

He stood near one of the palm trees, and I kicked him 20 balls. He might have touched half of them on the fly, but he didn't catch any. He circled, stared up dust clouds, fell down and complained about the sun and the wind and the earth. After the 20th punt I told him I was finished for the day. He dusted himself off and rounded up his son, and the two of them walked away, as silent as two people can be.

THE CAMP

In late June I went with Doc to the kickers' camp at the University of Wisconsin's branch campus in River Falls. The camp is run by U-W-River Falls Football Coach Mike Farley, but it is actually Doc's world. Doc has been the featured counselor for the last five years, and his name and face are highlighted on the camp's promotional brochures.

Perhaps the best and most helpful part about a kicking camp is that for several days 200 young men with 200 footballs get to spend all day kicking them. Kindred souls and ball returners are everywhere.

At River Falls we were all housed in one large dorm, and except for being a bit older than the other punters, I felt fine. Each morning after breakfast we'd go to the field for drills. Because of an arthritic condition in his hips, Doc made the journey in his "chariot," a white golf cart driven by Woody Umphrey, a five-year pupil at the camp and an outstanding punter for Alabama. In last year's Sugar Bowl, Umphrey helped the Crimson Tide upset Penn State by

keeping State in the hole with his precise punting. "Doc taught me everything," Umphrey said. Together they made an interesting couple, whipping over sidewalks and up hills—Woody shirtless, goateed, sun-worshipping; Doc bespectacled, rotund, hanging on for his life.

Only 25 of the boys at camp were like me, strictly punters, and Doc put us through some unique drills. We dropped our footballs on the sidewalk to see if we could get them to bounce straight up. We punted blindfolded to develop our kinesthetic sense. We kicked with Doc standing in front of us and walked up and shook his hand to develop a natural follow-through. "Hi, Doc," I said. "Good afternoon," he said. "Keep walking."

At times, particularly when the wind was blowing and our drops were off by a critical fraction of an inch, we punters enviously watched the place-kickers as they crunched their footballs through the goalposts scattered around camp. How simple and rewarding their job seemed. In our hearts, of course, we knew the truth. Place-kicking is one of the grimmest businesses going.

Punting seldom holds such horrors—or joys—for its practitioners. Punters don't score points or win games. They are largely faceless and can hide behind their anonymity if they wish. Punting pressure is a private thing.

Gary Zauner is a coaching assistant at Brigham Young University and a counselor at the camp. At the University of Wisconsin at LaCrosse he was a good punter, and after graduation he tried out with the Vikings and was cut. He played semi-pro ball, made all-conference, quit two jobs to continue practicing, tried out with Houston and Green Bay and was cut each time. He is a good teacher, verbal and coherent, but a sadness lingers over him, as though the details of his art have beaten him down.

"I think that punting is the single most difficult thing in athletics," he would say with a sigh verging on bitterness.

THE TEAM

To make use of my reborn skills I had to have a team to play on. Doc and I toyed with the idea of an NFL tryout but quickly discarded it and, facing reality, settled on the Miami-based semi-pro Florida Sun. The team practiced three times a week at Miami Lakes High School and played its games on Sunday afternoons. Over the phone the Sun's coach, Kenny Copeland, gave me a brief rundown on what to expect, but I'd played semi-pro football before, and I knew that all teams are the same—somewhat disorganized, somewhat financial, composed of the overweight and the undersized, the aging, the mean and the dreaming.

At the first practice I met the other kickers. The place-kicker was Shawn Hale, a cocky 19-year-old high school grad who wore a baseball cap under his helmet and said the colleges didn't know what they were missing by not signing him. I would be his holder. The two other punters were Dunny Sapp, a clean-cut Eastern Airlines flight attendant who would have to miss most of the games because of his schedule, and Kevin Burnett, a 25-year-old 200-pounder who had spent 4½ years in the Coast Guard.

Burnett punted for the team last year, led the league in punting and would leave soon for California State University, Fullerton, from which he'd just earned a schol-

ship. To let schools know of his availability, Burnett had posed as a high school coach and had begun calling college coaches around the country.

"I put on this huck accent and told the coaches 'I know this kid who averaged 43 yards a punt,'" he said. "Well, in punting you can tell somebody whatever you want, but they've got to see you do it. So I flew out to Fullerton at my own expense, kicked 20 balls, pounded them, and the coach said, 'O.K., you've got a scholarship.'"

Unlike other football skills, punting expertise can be determined in controlled drills. Three years ago when the Jets were displeased with Punter Duane Carrell, they held a "Kick-a-thon" and invited a number of prospects. After all the punters had kicked, Gardi retreated to the clubhouse to tabulate his findings. He emerged half an hour later and announced to the assembled sportswriters that the winner was Chuck Ramsey. He is the Jets' current punter.

Undoubtedly, it is being in a position to perfect their craft on their own and to earn a job by performing solo that gives punters a characteristic I have found common to most of them—a decided aloofness. (Dave Jennings of the Giants says the common characteristic is small feet but admits this is only a theory.) Punters generally have the ability to take credit when it is due them and to put the blame elsewhere when it is not. I was traveling with the Jets in 1975 when Greg Gantt had the first punt of his career blocked. Gantt put the entire blame on the "plant brains," the offensive line. He ranted so long on the plane coming home that Joe Namath finally came forward and told him to cool it.

Perhaps punters have to be this way, to feel no shame for not actually playing the game of football. I was bothered by my status, however, knowing that if everything went right, I could play the entire season without getting my pants dirty.

One day the ball I punted rolled over to where the offensive linemen were practicing, and one of them picked it up. "Give it back like a good boy," I said jokingly. The lineman sized me up coldly, eyeing my padless pants, my puny shoulder pads, my oddly laced right shoe.

"You worm," he said, flinging the ball at me.

Whole sessions went by during which Hale, Sapp and I had virtually no contact with the other players. We stayed at our end of the field, in our world. Now that Burnett was gone, Sapp and I punted back and forth quietly, breaking the silence only with an occasional "Damer" or "There we go!"

At one of the last practices before our opening game, Copeland walked over and gathered his placekicker and two punters for a pep talk. Only occasionally had we even spoken to the coaches. Indeed, there was never much to say.

"How's it going?" Copeland asked.

"Fine," we replied.

"You guys ready?"

"Yep."

"Legs O.K.?"

"Yep."

Copeland was obviously finished but hesitated, searching for a way to make his exit.

continued

"O.K.," he finally said as we shuffled like nervous cattle.
 "O.K.," we all chorused with relief.

THE GAME

The first game was against the Delray Beach Wildcats. I arrived at the field an hour before the game, only to find the locker room locked. I sat in the parking lot with the other players, most of whom were grumbling. "This is the pits," one of them said. "the garbage can." After a while a number of us began to dress out of the trunks of our cars.

I slipped on my **WHEN IN DOUBT, PUNT** T shirt and fastened my shoulder pads. Being prepared, I'd brought my own adhesive tape, and I taped up my left ankle. My right ankle needed taping, too, but I couldn't do it. I have to be able to point my toes while the taping is done. I pulled on wrist bands (for appearance) and slid my right foot into my tongueless, form-fitted, soft-leather shoe. On Doc's advice I had soaked the shoe in water and let it dry on my foot.

On the field I punted into each corner and tested the wind for swirls and velocity. As the maroon-shirted Delray Beach players ran onto the field hollering and holding their index fingers high, I thought of punt rushes and fleetingly of injuries. Last year in the NFL, 26 punts were blocked. Some players, such as the Jets' Donald Dykes, who has already blocked four punts this season, are kept on rosters almost solely for that purpose.

Punters, of course, are quite vulnerable while kicking, and careless or mean rushers can hurt them easily. One of the punters who followed me at Northwestern was clothed by a Notre Dame linebacker and suffered a compound fracture of his left leg. Northwestern was awarded a first down, the punter rode to clinics in a golf cart the rest of the semester.

As the game started, I forgot these gloomy details. On our second drive the offense stalled, and I looked to Copeland for a sign. He pointed to the field and I trotted out, passing our quarterback with a nod. In the huddle I counted the 10 other players to make sure we had 11 men. The other players were facing me, some chewing their mouth guards, some squinting remotely through their face masks.

"O.K., hold 'em out," I said. "Nothing inside. Spread punt on the snap, Bobby, don't back up. Ready? Break!"

I walked to my position 15 yards back and scanned the line, looking for any obvious holes. I checked Bobby James, our 5'4" blocking back, to make sure he was far enough forward so I would not kick him in the tail. I looked for a target and picked the far goalposts because this would be my first punt, and I wanted something I couldn't miss. "Down!" said Bobby James. "Set."

I flicked my fingers, and the ball began its unfortunate path far over my head. There is an adage that says a punter is only as good as his center. I'd forgotten this. I was spoiled in college by my center, Joe Zigulich, who gave me 77 perfect snaps. Intelligent and witty, Zig was named Academic All-America his senior year and now has a doctorate in education. More important to me than his brain were his strong wrists, which could send me lovely spirals from as far as 40 yards away.

But the damage was done, and I turned and chased after the ball. Thirty yards behind the line of scrimmage I grabbed

it and looked upfield. I dodged a screaming Wildcat, ran three steps to my right and kicked the ball. An instant later I was flattened, but I could see that the ball had made it to the line of scrimmage and was still bouncing. It continued forward, guarded by a phalanx of *Suns* players, until it finally stopped on the Delray 25. It was only a 25-yard net punt, but one that traveled 55 yards to get there.

Rubbing my bruised hip, I jogged back to the bench. One of the halfbacks, a young man with a fading, home-made tattoo on his forearm, pointed his finger at me. "No. 14," he yelled. I suddenly realized that none of these players even knew my name. The halfback extended an open palm and grinned. "Way to go, my man."

EPILOGUE

We are now halfway through our season, having won three games and lost two. Still, we're a collection of people playing football for many different reasons—we certainly aren't any Pittsburgh Piracy-type family—but we are in a good position to undertake the division-leading Fort Lauderdale Rattlers, and that has me a bit fired up. I've even gone in and played as a defensive back a couple of times. Once I intercepted a pass and ran it back 42 yards, missing a touchdown by two yards.

I have punted 13 times for a 37.2-yard average, one-tenth of a yard better than my college average. Of the 13 snaps I've taken, one was low, one was off to the left and three were high—though only the first went over my head. It has rained during three of our games, and on at least three punts, the rush was strong enough to make me forget about everything but getting rid of the ball.

One of my punts, against Riviera Beach, traveled 64 yards, counting the roll, but I am far from satisfied. I'm still waiting for that perfect punt that lifts off like a rocket, for a bunch of them. I have my excuses for the bad ones.

On Sundays, after our games, I watch the NFL punters on TV and am comforted by their poor kicks. I see Gus boom one out of the end zone from the near 40, when he could've punted for the corner; I see Eddie Hare of New England shank one 18 yards; I see Roberts of Miami get one blocked for a touchdown. I know these men are the best at their trade; their failures only emphasize the difficulty of the task. Doc writes me letters about this every week.

I wouldn't want to punt for a living—too much stress for too little reward—but I think I realize now what my father was telling me with his four-word maxim, the one he borrowed from Rockne. Simply if something out there is bothering you and you've made a good effort to change it but can't, get rid of the thing. Punting in certain situations, be they in a game or in life, is rational, even honorable. A while ago I was hammering away on the opening pages of a windy, boring essay I was writing about something or other. No amount of reworking seemed to help. Abruptly I stood up, crumpled the papers into a ball and, with a wild sense of release, punted them toward the waste can.

There are many people who haven't learned this truth, who hold on when they should let fly. They may even look down on punters. They shouldn't. Punters have wisdom on their side. In moments of indecision and angst punters are the ones who know exactly what to do.

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NOSTALGIA

by BOB CARROLL

THE BEST DAY CAMP OF THEM ALL WAS OPERATED BY THE BALTIMORE COLTS

Contrary to what used to be said in the cereal ads, it's my opinion that champions are born, not made. It seems to me that exceptional athletes are so filled with desire, so blessed with physical abilities that they must have been born under a special sign of their own. But if players are subject to fate, why not fans? I, for one, believe I was destined to be an ardent fan; I was even born under a special sign, too—one of those tacky National Bohemian beer jobs that blink on and off and have a colt jumping over a crossbar. And if the gods hadn't intended me to be a manic rooter, they wouldn't have set me on this earth in the environs of Westminster, Md. There I grew up at the knee of the Orioles and, more important, in the lap of the Colts. By the time I was 10, I fit the description of the perfect football fan. I was short for my weight, wore thick glasses, had small hands and a salty vocabulary and was ready to second-guess the coach at the drop of a flag.

Many of my friends spent their summers tucked away in camps with phony Indian names. Those little Hiawathas returned in late August with only a handful of ill-made gimp belts for our annual fall show-and-tell. On the other hand, I had the good fortune of being dropped off daily, with 60¢ in my hot little pocket, at the greatest day camp ever. My buddies and I spent our summers sitting on the hill at Western Maryland College watching the best football players in the NFL. I am still a bit of a snob when some rube wants to know if I "ever watched the Colts practice." I never considered myself a mere fan; I was a part of the team. I did everything except shower in Gill Gym and sleep in Albert Norman Ward Hall. I knew who was injured and who was beating bed check. I went to the same barber as John Unitas and knew Gino Marchetti before he became a famous hamburger.

In our early years with the Colts we would jog down the hill from Gill Gym

and fall in just on the other side of the ropes for calisthenics as Coach Weeb Ewbank bellowed the endence. After loosening up, I'd sneak up behind another of the guys, scream, "Ready! 4-3! Gold! 47! 52! Hur! Hur! Hur!" and then make my drop and look off an imaginary cornerback. My friends and I had an important advantage over the players. We never had to soak out the nightly soreness or feel the anxiety a fourth-round draft choice experiences as the last cut nears. Kids have no-cut contracts. We would always be back the next year, imitating, idolizing and kikitng.

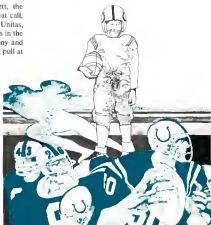
The little town of Westminster was proud of the team, and the squad was honored at an annual Colt night at the old State Theater. We kids packed the place and passed our little footballs forward during the autograph session. I can remember distinctly a conversation with my friend Hartzler in the late summer of 1956. "Who is Uni-tas?" he inquired after getting his ball signed. I went on at length, explaining that Uni-tas was a sixth-round choice brought in to replace aging Tackle Tom Finnan. I was off just a little. Unitas was not a sixth-round choice or a lineman. He was the product of the most famous phone call since Alexander Graham Bell stepped into the next room and shouted into the receiver. And thank God Don Kellett, the Colts' general manager, made that call, because soon we stood in awe of Unitas, and the team did, too. Those of us in the fraternity called him John. Johnny and Unitas were for fans. We did not pull at his shirt for autographs or for a sign of recognition. When eye contact did occur, we nodded, said "John" softly and let it go at that. This was a busy man with championships to win, and we would not stand in his way.

On hot summer Saturday nights I would beg to go to the movies, though I cared less what was playing. The place was always packed with Colts. The Carroll Theater on Main Street in Westminster was large, but it had hardly been designed with the comfort of 260-pound tackles in mind. The bigger players real-

ly spread out, sitting in every third seat and draping their feet over the row in front of them. That way the offensive and defensive lines almost filled the house, leaving little room for the ends and backs, let alone us kids. We looked forward to comments like "Pellington, that looks like you," as some ghastly character crossed the screen. One of my fondest memories is of a 9 o'clock showing of *Attila the Hun*. I stood at the back of the theater spellbound while the credits rolled and approximately 30 behemoths marched up the aisles to the crash of symbols and roll of drums from the movie's theme. When it came to special effects, no theater in the country could come close to matching what the Colts did for the Carroll.

In the late '50s the team jelled and the championships came. There is nothing happier to a winner. The camps in those years were the best. There were lots of laughs, most of them provided by the fun-loving defensive linemen. Big Daddy Lipscomb often sunned himself during the "gassers" and hot-dogged during the sprints. His "helmet" during these romps was a tiny golf hat rolled up all the way round; he could have easily been mistaken for Yoga Bear. Weeb seemed

continued





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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

Sports Illustrated

NOSTALGIA *continued*

to handle Eugene, as he called Big Daddy, in the same fatherly manner he later used with Joe Namath.

Art Donovan, the good-natured Irishman and All-Pro lineman, did more than strike fear into the hearts of opposing quarterbacks. He served as the camp's court jester. The early days of training camp were always a happy reunion, and Artie seldom passed up a chance to kick things off with a laugh. One year his costume provided it. The rookies had been training for several weeks, and the majority of the veterans were already working out when Artie made his grand entrance. There he stood on the hilltop overlooking the field of sweaty players, stuffed into a pair of shocking-pink slacks, pretty unconventional attire back in those tamer days. When the squad spotted him, Artie gave a gracious bow, and a raucous wave of laughter that could be heard half way to Baltimore swept the practice field.

I was chubby then and felt empathy with the "fat boys" who had to wear rubber suits. Equipment man Eddie Schubach gave these players their fat jackets even before he handed them their jocks. Donovan, Lipscomb, Jim Parker and Sherm Plunkett were all charter members of Weeb's Weight Watchers. I was the hit of camp one afternoon when I waddled in wearing my usual football get-up with a rubber jacket, which had been made from an old raincoat, hanging from under my shirt. Parker came over and gave me an understanding pat on the head. That made my day.

As I grew up, hero worship was replaced by a sense of appreciation for the game. I began to see how each drill and how the careful design of each play could add up to touchdowns once the season began. Raymond Berry set the best example any kid could ever witness. Aside from having great hands, Berry had unmatched dedication. His fingertip push-ups before team calisthenics were a ritual. And the running of down-and-outs, for as long as John's arm would hold up after practice, was also a daily routine. And when Unitas tired, Berry would enlist the ball boys and run patterns in front of a special net that was set up in the end zone. I had to chuckle when I heard someone say during the season, "How did he do it?" Practice made him perfect.

I was in my teens during the early Shula years—1963 to 1969—and rapidly coming to the realization that a 5' 6" 180-

continued

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NOSTALGIA *continued*

pounder wasn't likely to be drafted, so I began to identify more with the coaches. In fact, our gang started holding our own drafts. And when the Colts actually made their picks, we checked out the choices thoroughly, poring through *Street & Smith's* magazine for vital statistics: "Average speed, good hands—coming in at 220 but will beef up to 245." When July rolled around, it was time for us to make our cuts. Jimmy Orr, I must apologize. In your later seasons I cut you every summer and cheered you every fall. We were very competitive among ourselves, and if my cuts coincided with Shula's, I was proud.

Throughout the '60s we remained perched on our hill. John Mackey, Tom Matte, Earl Morrall, Willie Richardson and Mike Curtis were now the guys we pinned our championship hopes on.

In 1965 Curtis was the Colts' No. 1 pick. Everybody knows what a tough guy he was, but Killer Hilton and I found out about that before just about anybody else did. Early in the '65 camp a fight broke out between the 232-pound Curtis and Hilton, a 240-pound defensive end, that brought the whole camp to a halt. We knew that when two guys named Mad Dog and Killer went at it, we wouldn't be disappointed. Soon the whole team was grappling in the dirt, and when the melee ended, Mad Dog was sitting atop the Killer, snarling and trying to rip off Hilton's helmet and anything that might be attached to it. Shula watched as eagerly as we did, finally blowing his whistle repeatedly to end the fracas. Perhaps he feared that Killer hadn't had a recent tetanus booster.

In 1967 we could smell another title coming. We were one player away, and when the draft was ended, we were sitting pretty. We had the No. 1 pick and it would land us a new Big Daddy.

"Hey, Billy Ray, when's Bubba coming?" were the words heard in the early days of camp that year. The Rabbit was a good ole boy from Arkansas and a fine defensive tackle, but his job was in jeopardy. There was a great deal of kidding between Billy Ray Smith and other veterans about his would-be replacement. The day finally came and Big Bubba Smith strolled nonchalantly down the hill, helmet in hand. We showed him as much respect as possible—short of tossing palm fronds. Before any of the other veterans could strike, the silence was broken by Billy Ray's loud southern drawl.

"Hey, Bubba, Sully wants some of you," he said. The linemen were in the middle of a one-on-one drill. Poor Dan Sullivan had been duped, and Bubba had been given an offer he couldn't refuse. He quickly slipped on his helmet and strolled to the head of the line. The blast of the whistle and Bubba's charge seemed to come simultaneously, and before Sully knew it, he was knocked off balance and Bubba's huge right paw was coming around for the finishing touches. The thwack could be heard across the field as fist met helmet. Sully went down like a sack of cement. His bell had been rung publicly, and you could see his embarrassment through his face mask. Bubba had arrived!

We still weren't there though. Even Bubba was not quite enough. That upstart Namath beat us in Super Bowl III. It was a long winter, but when summer finally arrived, I had joyously reached a new plateau. I was now of age to drink with the team. The favorite watering hole was a place called Oss and Jenny's, but we called it "the Pit." It was located down a steep hill in the basement of an old building. There you would find the players—laughing, playing shuffleboard and jammed into booths or sitting at long tables. We inconspicuously sipped our beers, feeling big and important to be drinking with our guys.

But growing up also meant I had to get a summer job, which cut down the frequency of my visits something fierce. The Colts were facing a change in lifestyle, too, because Shula had gone south and Don McCafferty was named as his replacement. With the help of God and Earl Morrall, he brought us a Super Bowl victory in 1971. The out-of-town writers called it a poorly played game. I hadn't noticed.

After high school the Colts and I both grew up and moved away. I returned home several years ago to find that my team had been pulled right out from under me. First Towson State and then Goucher College became the Colts' summer home. I stopped by Towson one day to watch practice, but everything was different, except the blue and white uniforms and horseshoe helmets. I didn't like it. Nobody even knew who I was. Oh well, maybe they never really did. But I still say "we" when I talk about the Colts, and if I were to pass him on the street tomorrow, I would still nod and softly say, "John."

END

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Reminiscence

by ALLAN POSPISIL

A RELUCTANT HUNTER AND AN EAGER BEAGLE TRACK A RABBIT TOGETHER

My father was a duck hunter and, I guess, a good one. At least, he came back from Moriches Bay on Long Island to our home in Scarsdale, N.Y. often enough with ducks he had killed. On the island he usually stayed with an uncle of mine at Eastport. Their habit was to leave the house before first light and shiver in an icy blind until dawn came and the birds flew. There was no sense of inevitability to it, but his trips produced a lot of dead ducks.

My mother was pleased that Dad enjoyed himself, but her pleasure didn't extend to the ducks he brought home. She would cook them, but she wouldn't pluck them and she wouldn't clean them. She wouldn't eat them, either, at least not more than a bite or two. She said they tasted gamy, and sometimes she'd bite on a piece of buckshot, which she'd then drop carefully from a height onto her plate. "This bird"—*ping*—"is a bit strong, Charles," she'd say.

She was right. The wild ducks were gamy, especially compared with the commercially raised fowl my father got from another of my uncles, who owned a duck farm.

I never went duck hunting with my father. As I recall, he never invited me and I never asked to go. But I once went rabbit hunting with him and a third uncle, named Bert, who lived upstate in Dover Plains, N.Y.

That day my father and I were up before dawn to drive to Uncle Bert's house, where we ate a large breakfast. Uncle Bert had an old beagle who was mad with joy from the moment he caught the scent of Uncle Bert's hunting clothes and gun oil. The dog was 12 years old.

As we drove to the hunting grounds, Uncle Bert explained how we would go after the rabbits. The explanation was for my benefit, although I don't think my father had ever hunted rabbits before, either. I had never hunted anything, and

I was the same age as the beagle. The dog would be loose, Uncle Bert said, to range through the woods. We would follow by listening to his barks and yelps. If the barking suddenly changed character, became excited and accented with howls, it would mean he had scented a rabbit and was giving chase. We were then to position ourselves at approximately the spot where the wild barking began. In time the dog would turn the rabbit and drive it back to where we waited. Bang! Rabbit stew.

While Uncle Bert talked, I sat in the backseat of his car and tried to play with the beagle, who whined anxiously and dashed from one window to the other. He appeared to be a fine, eager dog, but I was skeptical of Uncle Bert's confidence in him. How would the dog know where we were waiting? (Uncle Bert had forgotten to say that a hounded rabbit doubles back on its track.)

We tromped through the autumn woods, over soggy, rotting leaves, listening to the sounds of the dog ahead. I carried an old shotgun of my father's, a simple single-barreled weapon I had fired just a few times and then only at tin cans. As we walked I snapped the butt of the gun to my shoulder, sighted down the

barrel and cleanly killed a bear. Next I brought down a running deer. I was gunning for a catamount when we heard a series of sharp, intense barks and my father said it was now all right to load the shotgun.

After a few minutes of scrambling we reached a gentle, lightly wooded hillside that Uncle Bert declared was close enough to where the dog had picked up a rabbit's trail. He moved 50 yards uphill and out of sight, my father paced off an equal distance downslope, and I held the middle ground. We had 100 yards of hill covered against the moment when the beagle would herd the rabbit into our ambush, a prospect I continued to consider unlikely.

But I waited, shotgun loaded and finger on the safety, and hoped. The barking grew faint, all but moving out of earshot, before it gradually began to strengthen.

In another five minutes the beagle's urgent voice was nearly upon us and I took the safety off. As I peered into the woods in the direction from which the barking was coming, a rabbit astonished me by popping out from a pile of brush.

But it was a gray one! Expecting that any rabbits we might see would be brown, I was startled to see this gray version. And it was small, not at all like the rabbits downstate, fattened by a summer diet of lawns and gardens.

Seeing me at the same moment I saw it, the rabbit paused and then dashed uphill to loop around the threat I posed. I followed it with the barrel of the shotgun and had a clear target all the way. I imagined the noise of the shell firing and pictured the frantic rabbit exploding in a mass of fur and blood, but I never pulled the trigger.

My quarry reached a point directly uphill from me—Uncle Bert was somewhere up there—and bounded on. I kept the shotgun trained on the rabbit, and when it disappeared into the woods,

I fired, knowing I'd miss.
A patch of leaves twitched and settled, and the kick from

continued



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REMINISCENCE

the heavy gun made my shoulder ache.

Shouts came from uphill and downhill. I shouted back that I had missed. A moment later the beagle appeared, precisely at the spot where I first saw the rabbit. He circled along the rabbit's looping path, barking and howling as he looked for the carcass that experience had taught him to expect after hearing a gunshot. Failing to find it, the dog again put his nose to the ground and ran on.

Much later we hiked back to the car, which was parked at the end of a half-overgrown dirt road. The dog had trailed the rabbit into the woods away from us; his barking had faded, and the excitement had gone out of the moment. That was it for the day. We saw no more rabbits.

We sat on the running board and drank coffee from a Thermos while Uncle Bert whistled and shouted for his dog. When the beagle arrived, tongue hanging and tail barely wagging, he walked deliberately, painfully. Uncle Bert scooped him up and laid him on the backseat of the car.

I didn't try to play with the dog as we drove out of the woods and turned onto the highway. He put his head down next to my leg and slept.

When we got home, Uncle Bert carried the beagle inside, and while we ate dinner the exhausted dog lay on the floor. He moved in his sleep and whined, as if hurt. Once he woke and tried to walk to his water dish, but his legs collapsed under him. Too old, Uncle Bert said. The dog's too old to hunt anymore.

I didn't tell my father or Uncle Bert that I had fired only when the rabbit was gone from sight and there was no chance of killing it. If at that moment in the woods I realized that hunting wasn't my sport, I also worried that this might be considered a weakness.

But what about the beagle? He had run all day and now he couldn't walk. He had performed just as generations of breeding and hours of training would have it, and then some kid, acting more from sentiment than conviction, betrayed the ritual of the hunt, probably the dog's last.

About two months later the dog died, and Uncle Bert confirmed that he hadn't taken him hunting again. Even now I feel a touch of guilt whenever I see a beagle trotting along a dirt road, head down and seeing through the scents for one worth chasing.

END

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Brooklyn in Super aerial show sparks the Steelers over Dallas



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The Boston Celtics square past Phoenix in triple overtime



U.S. OPEN FINALS, 1976

Jimmy Connors outlasts Bjorn Borg in a 20-point tiebreaker



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Leon Spinks dethrones Muhammad Ali in a stunning upset



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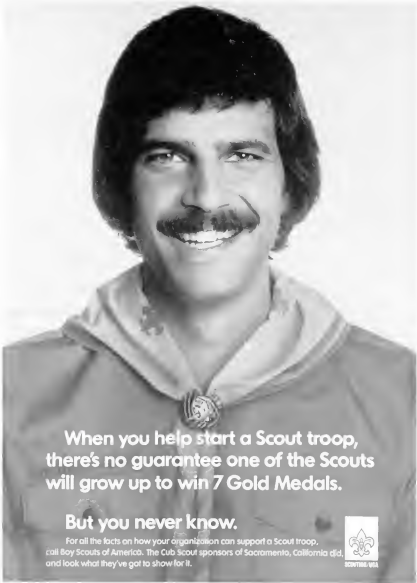
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 29-Nov. 4

Compiled by JIM KAPLAN

PRO BASKETBALL—In a week of streaks, Indiana and Boston had the best success. The Pacers lost their eighth straight on the road, 115-92 at New Jersey, and the following night saw a five-game home winning streak go by the boards when Philadelphia beat them 119-104 in a double overtime. The Blazers had road success of their own, losing three straight away games, 113-129 at Indiana before defeating the Pistons 118-111 in Phoenix. Much on Calvin Murphy's four points in the last 1:35. Home teams have won 70% of the one this season. Bucking that trend were New York, which had two victories in three outings on the road, and Boston, which won two away games to extend its road streak to four. Bill Cartwright's 31 points led New York to a 116-118 win at Utah, and Ray Williams' 39 and Michael Ray Richardson's five three and one in the last four stretch sealed a 112-111 victory at Kansas City. Boston embarrassed at home, amassing 38 points while outscoring New Jersey 116-79 and trailing in the fourth 118-97 behind Steven Nisenson's 24 points. Atlanta beat Philadelphia twice in three nights, and took the Central Division lead when John Drew's 35 points highlighted a 109-107 win over New Jersey. It was the Blazers' third straight victory. Denver scored led by 13.5 average Lloyd Free of San Diego was held to 10 by T. M. Duren on Portland was 123-102. The Bulls' streak belonged to Milwaukee, which won its 10th straight (page 42).

BOKING—JIM WATT of Scotland retained his WBC flyweight title in Edinburgh by a narrow 10-9 over Robert Vinagre of San Antonio.

PRO FOOTBALL—In one of the NFL's most pass-oriented weeks, Terry Bradshaw had the most impressive statistics: 311 yards and four touchdowns, passing on two out of two quarters of play. Bradshaw's best regular-season performance in 10 (100 per cent) was in the AFC's Central Division at the Steelers over the Redskins 18-7. Steve Grogan threw for 300 yards and three touchdowns to give New England a 20-6 win over Buffalo, and undisciplined possession in the Eastern Division led Seattle's Jim Zorn to use uncanny accuracy to highly effective attacks, converting three touchdown passes, including a 20-yard strike to Washington's Eliot Hershman on a drive to a 31-28 triumph of Atlanta. The Falcons recovered on drive late to upset Tampa Bay 17-14 on Steve Bartkowski's four-point passing performance for Michael, while the Cowboys lost to the Rams 24-0. After Herb Jones suffered another shoulder injury, Baltimore reserve quarterback Greg Landry threw for two TDs as the Colts edged Cincinnati 18-16 in a battle of AFC tailbacks. Rafael Septien's 22-yard field goal with three seconds left gave the Cowboys a 14-10 victory over the Giants. Lyle Raper's 54-yard drive at a 72-yard fourth-quarter comeback drove in five plays, the Giants' defense dominated the game, winning the Cowboys three consecutive takes at the one-yard line in the first half and using a yard pass from Dave Jenkins and a fumble recovery by Bradley Reier to prepare Dallas in the second. Cleveland beat Philadelphia 24-19 when Mike Pratt ran for a 44-yard touchdown on a play that was interrupted merely to set up a field goal. But the week's real running star was Greg Anderson, who became the first St. Louis rookie to rush for 1,000 yards, he just made a career with 104-yard performance in a 15-7 romp over the Vikings. In other games, Oakland beat San Francisco 23-10. Chicago defeated Detroit 15-7 and the Jets defeated Green Bay 27-22. In a game between Western Division leaders (page 44), the AFC's Denver beat the NFC's surprising New Orleans 10-0. Dan Fouts (page 33) limited his bad pass to one for 300 yards. For game in running, but his 216 yards enough to keep San Diego a 20-14 winner over Kansas City, defeated with the Broncos.

HARNER RACING—Favored TRY SCOTCHMAN, a 5-year-old gelding by Sheldon Gaudreau, won a world record for geldings and equaled the Harrier's Raceway mark with a 1:56.1 mile while winning the \$200,000 George Morris Key Memorial Pace by 15 lengths over Love Time.

HOCKEY—Lake goals accounted for three surprising ties. Rick Vachon, Rick Blythe and Thomas Gradin all scored in a 5-5 split late in the third period at the Van. Vachon's 3-3 deadlock with Boston in the final 10 minutes of a goal with five seconds left in Quebec, caught Atlanta's 4-4, and nighty Montreal ended scores by Bob Gassner and Reggie Holm in the last two minutes to tie Newp. Washington 2-2. Two goals after being tied

lower Rangers. Pat Hickey, Dean Tormet, Mike McEwen and Lucien Delbos accounted for four goals and three points while leading Colorado to a 3-2 win over New York. The 22-year-old defenseman the Rangers had recruited for them, Barry Beck, was that. In a 6-1 drubbing between Winnipeg and the Caps, the Jets' 40-year-old Bobby Hull returned to the NHL after an eight-year absence. Meanwhile, another oddsmaker, Gordie Howe, 51, had two goals in Hartford's upset, Toronto 5-3. Also a double scorer was Los Angeles' Charlie Bahr, who rained his league-leading goal total to 11 with a assist against the Rangers (page 47).

HORSE RACING—KOLLETOO Bay (\$22,400, Jorge Velazquez) set a stakes record of 1:41 over 1 1/4 miles to win the \$215,000 Yonkers America Slew for 3-year-olds at the Meadowlands by 1 1/2 lengths over favored Gold Slog.

BALAZZ (\$29,400) Chris McCutcheon up finished 1 1/2 lengths ahead of Triffin to win the \$150,000 Old Time Thoroughbred Stakes at Santa Anna. The winner covered the 10 miles in 2:35 1/2.

HORSE SHOWS—The U.S. won the team competition 111-63 over Great Britain, and Mike May of the U.S. edged Britain's Harvey Smith 49-51 to win individual honors at the National Horse Show in New York City.

MOTOR SPORTS—NIEL BONNETT, averaging 140.12 mph in a Mercury, won the NASCAR-sanctioned 1981-900 Chase 300 at Martinsville, averaging over 150 mph of a car length ahead of Dale Earnhardt on Chevrolet Monte Carlo.

POWERLIFTING—LARRY PALCHICO, lifting in the 275-pound class, won an unprecedented ninth world title with a total of 1,995 pounds at the world championships in Dayton.

TENNIS—The United States defeated Great Britain 7-6, 6-0 in the Wimbledon Cup in West Palm Beach, Fla. (page 38).

BOKEN (\$300,000) defeated Johnny Carson 6-2, 6-2, to win the \$300,000 World Super Tennis Tournament in Tokyo.

MILFOOTS—NAMED As winner of the American League 1979 Cy Young Award Baltimore pitcher MIKE FLANAGAN, 27, who had a 23-9 record, a 3.08 career team average and 16 complete games in 16 starts.

As General Manager of the New York Yankees, GENE SHAPIRO, 41, the team's regular shortstop from 1968 to 1971. Michael managed the Yankees' Eastern base. On his club to the International League site in 1979.

TRADED By the New York Yankees, First Baseman CHRIS CHAMBLISS, 38, a six-year regular with the team who won the 1976 pennant with a no-hitter winning home at the last playoff game and batted .280 with 18 homers and 60 RBIs in 1979. Pitcher PAUL MIRABELLA, 25, and infielder DAMASO GARCIA, 27, to Toronto for pitcher RICK KILGORE, 25, pitcher TOM FENNER, 25, and minor-league outfielder TONY WILKINSON, 21. In a separate deal the Yankees traded pitcher JIM BEATTIE, 25, a last-season hero in 1978, outfielder RAN BENIGUEZ, 25, catcher JERRY NARBON, 25, and minor-league pitcher RICK AN. DIERSON, 25, to Seattle for centerfielder KUPPERT JONES, 24, who had 21 home runs, 109 RBIs, 23 stolen bases and 81 walks with batting .367 last season and minor-league pitcher JIM LEWIS, 24.

By the New York Yankees, infielder RICHIE HEINER, 31, who hit .268 with 18 home runs and 79 RBIs in 1979, to the Detroit Tigers for infielder PHIL MANKOWSKI, 26, and outfielder JERRY MORALES, 30.

By the Colorado Rockies, defenseman BARRY BECK, 22, to the New York Rangers for Left Wing PAT RICH, 24. By the New York Yankees, Left Fielder LUC LEBLANC, 22, defenseman MIKE MCGRAW, 22, minor-league pitcher DEAN TERNER, 21, a player to be named and an undisclosed amount of cash.

FACES IN THE CROWD

GREG LAMOND

U.S. Olympic Team



Lamond, 18, the U.S. junior cycling champion, won a gold, a silver and a bronze medal at the Junior World Championships in Buenos Aires to become the first American cyclist to earn three medals in a single world or Olympic competition.

LADY ANNAN

International (England)



Lady Annan broke the record for a Class II offshore power boat race within two days on Lake Windermere in England. On her first run she averaged 91.23 mph, 6.99 mph faster than the old mark, on her second she averaged 92.03 mph.

MICHAEL ANTI

International (U.S.)



Michael, 15, shooting from prone, standing and kneeling positions, on a 10-meter range, won the National Explorer Air Rifle Championship at West Point, N.Y. He scored 27 other finishes who qualified from among 50,000 entrants.

EDWARD MORTON

U.S. Olympic Team



Morton, a maintenance worker at O'Hare Airport, won medals in 13 events in the 65-69 division at the Illinois Senior Olympics in Springfield. He took three golds: basketball, 220-yard dash, long jump, eight others and two bronzes.

JULIE FOSTER

Major League



Jake won the U.S. girls' season title in Kent, Conn. A Concord Academy senior, she played first in shooting, with 929 of a possible 1,000 points, and in the 200-yard yard with 12,731, second in riding and third in the 1,000-meter run.

TOOD ROBINSON

Photo (New York)



Fodd, an eighth-grader, led Principals Community School to its third straight unbeaten season. In five games the 5'7" 145-pounder rushed for 1,231 yards, returned two kick-offs and two interceptions. For touchdowns and made a team-high 59 tackles.

CREDITS

Cover—Top Row: Rich Carlson, Lynn Pithman, John F. Kennedy, Boston; R. J. Cooke, Shelly Kase, Black Star; 10—Curtis, Pithman, 30-31, 32-33, 34-35, 36-37, 38-39, 40-41, 42-43, 44-45, 46-47, 48-49, 50-51, 52-53, 54-55, 56-57, 58-59, 60-61, 62-63, 64-65, 66-67, 68-69, 70-71, 72-73, 74-75, 76-77, 78-79, 80-81, 82-83, 84-85, 86-87, 88-89, 90-91, 92-93, 94-95, 96-97, 98-99, 100-101, 102-103, 104-105, 106-107, 108-109, 110-111, 112-113, 114-115, 116-117, 118-119, 120-121, 122-123, 124-125, 126-127, 128-129, 130-131, 132-133, 134-135, 136-137, 138-139, 140-141, 142-143, 144-145, 146-147, 148-149, 150-151, 152-153, 154-155, 156-157, 158-159, 160-161, 162-163, 164-165, 166-167, 168-169, 170-171, 172-173, 174-175, 176-177, 178-179, 180-181, 182-183, 184-185, 186-187, 188-189, 190-191, 192-193, 194-195, 196-197, 198-199, 200-201, 202-203, 204-205, 206-207, 208-209, 210-211, 212-213, 214-215, 216-217, 218-219, 220-221, 222-223, 224-225, 226-227, 228-229, 230-231, 232-233, 234-235, 236-237, 238-239, 240-241, 242-243, 244-245, 246-247, 248-249, 250-251, 252-253, 254-255, 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478-479, 480-481, 482-483, 484-485, 486-487, 488-489, 490-491, 492-493, 494-495, 496-497, 498-499, 500-501, 502-503, 504-505, 506-507, 508-509, 510-511, 512-513, 514-515, 516-517, 518-519, 520-521, 522-523, 524-525, 526-527, 528-529, 530-531, 532-533, 534-535, 536-537, 538-539, 540-541, 542-543, 544-545, 546-547, 548-549, 550-551, 552-553, 554-555, 556-557, 558-559, 560-561, 562-563, 564-565, 566-567, 568-569, 570-571, 572-573, 574-575, 576-577, 578-579, 580-581, 582-583, 584-585, 586-587, 588-589, 590-591, 592-593, 594-595, 596-597, 598-599, 600-601, 602-603, 604-605, 606-607, 608-609, 610-611, 612-613, 614-615, 616-617, 618-619, 620-621, 622-623, 624-625, 626-627, 628-629, 630-631, 632-633, 634-635, 636-637, 638-639, 640-641, 642-643, 644-645, 646-647, 648-649, 650-651, 652-653, 654-655, 656-657, 658-659, 660-661, 662-663, 664-665, 666-667, 668-669, 670-671, 672-673, 674-675, 676-677, 678-679, 680-681, 682-683, 684-685, 686-687, 688-689, 690-691, 692-693, 694-695, 696-697, 698-699, 700-701, 702-703, 704-705, 706-707, 708-709, 710-711, 712-713, 714-715, 716-717, 718-719, 720-721, 722-723, 724-725, 726-727, 728-729, 730-731, 732-733, 734-735, 736-737, 738-739, 740-741, 742-743, 744-745, 746-747, 748-749, 750-751, 752-753, 754-755, 756-757, 758-759, 760-761, 762-763, 764-765, 766-767, 768-769, 770-771, 772-773, 774-775, 776-777, 778-779, 780-781, 782-783, 784-785, 786-787, 788-789, 790-791, 792-793, 794-795, 796-797, 798-799, 800-801, 802-803, 804-805, 806-807, 808-809, 810-811, 812-813, 814-815, 816-817, 818-819, 820-821, 822-823, 824-825, 826-827, 828-829, 830-831, 832-833, 834-835, 836-837, 838-839, 840-841, 842-843, 844-845, 846-847, 848-849, 850-851, 852-853, 854-855, 856-857, 858-859, 860-861, 862-863, 864-865, 866-867, 868-869, 870-871, 872-873, 874-875, 876-877, 878-879, 880-881, 882-883, 884-885, 886-887, 888-889, 890-891, 892-893, 894-895, 896-897, 898-899, 900-901, 902-903, 904-905, 906-907, 908-909, 910-911, 912-913, 914-915, 916-917, 918-919, 920-921, 922-923, 924-925, 926-927, 928-929, 930-931, 932-933, 934-935, 936-937, 938-939, 940-941, 942-943, 944-945, 946-947, 948-949, 950-951, 952-953, 954-955, 956-957, 958-959, 960-961, 962-963, 964-965, 966-967, 968-969, 970-971, 972-973, 974-975, 976-977, 978-979, 980-981, 982-983, 984-985, 986-987, 988-989, 990-991, 992-993, 994-995, 996-997, 998-999, 1000-1001, 1002-1003, 1004-1005, 1006-1007, 1008-1009, 1010-1011, 1012-1013, 1014-1015, 1016-1017, 1018-1019, 1020-1021, 1022-1023, 1024-1025, 1026-1027, 1028-1029, 1030-1031, 1032-1033, 1034-1035, 1036-1037, 1038-1039, 1040-1041, 1042-1043, 1044-1045, 1046-1047, 1048-1049, 1050-1051, 1052-1053, 1054-1055, 1056-1057, 1058-1059, 1060-1061, 1062-1063, 1064-1065, 1066-1067, 1068-1069, 1070-1071, 1072-1073, 1074-1075, 1076-1077, 1078-1079, 1080-1081, 1082-1083, 1084-1085, 1086-1087, 1088-1089, 1090-1091, 1092-1093, 1094-1095, 1096-1097, 1098-1099, 1100-1101, 1102-1103, 1104-1105, 1106-1107, 1108-1109, 1110-1111, 1112-1113, 1114-1115, 1116-1117, 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1300-1301, 1302-1303, 1304-1305, 1306-1307, 1308-1309, 1310-1311, 1312-1313, 1314-1315, 1316-1317, 1318-1319, 1320-1321, 1322-1323, 1324-1325, 1326-1327, 1328-1329, 1330-1331, 1332-1333, 1334-1335, 1336-1337, 1338-1339, 1340-1341, 1342-1343, 1344-1345, 1346-1347, 1348-1349, 1350-1351, 1352-1353, 1354-1355, 1356-1357, 1358-1359, 1360-1361, 1362-1363, 1364-1365, 1366-1367, 1368-1369, 1370-1371, 1372-1373, 1374-1375, 1376-1377, 1378-1379, 1380-1381, 1382-1383, 1384-1385, 1386-1387, 1388-1389, 1390-1391, 1392-1393, 1394-1395, 1396-1397, 1398-1399, 1400-1401, 1402-1403, 1404-1405, 1406-1407, 1408-1409, 1410-1411, 1412-1413, 1414-1415, 1416-1417, 1418-1419, 1420-1421, 1422-1423, 1424-1425, 1426-1427, 1428-1429, 1430-1431, 1432-1433, 1434-1435, 1436-1437, 1438-1439, 1440-1441, 1442-1443, 1444-1445, 1446-1447, 1448-1449, 1450-1451, 1452-1453, 1454-1455, 1456-1457, 1458-1459, 1460-1461, 1462-1463, 1464-1465, 1466-1467, 1468-1469, 1470-1471, 1472-1473, 1474-1475, 1476-1477, 1478-1479, 1480-1481, 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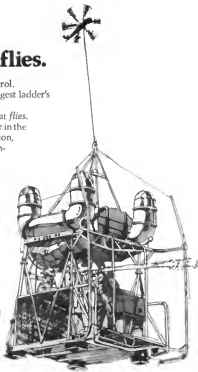
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TEMPEST IN TEMPE

SU

Thank you for Ron Reid's excellent article on Frank Kush's dismissal at Arizona State (*There's the Devil To Pay*, Oct. 29). His overview of the events, and his analysis of the dangers of major-college football programs whose administrators have lost their academic perspective, hit the nail squarely on its head.

I seriously doubt that ASU's student body would mourn the withdrawal of support by Blue Sun Angel Foundation. Those warts owned by the fat cats on the 50-yard line would be welcomed by ASU students, the majority of whom must sit in the end zone to watch their team.

ROBERT E. MICHAELS
Tempe, Ariz.

SU

After reading Ron Reid's article, I'm wondering if the job of a college football coach has changed dramatically over the years, or if the situation at Arizona State is an exception to the rule. I hope the latter is the case.

Kush was quoted as saying, "My job is to win football games, put people in the stadiums and make money for the university." This sounds like a quote from an NFL coach. What about helping young men develop?

I played for Murray Warmath at the University of Minnesota. While his overall record wasn't as good as Kush's, his reputation for being a tough, hard-nosed coach is well known. Warmath, however, attained his distinction through mental and verbal toughness—the only physical abuse came when we scrimmaged each other. He treated his players honestly and fairly, and while he would get on all of us in practice or in meetings, in public or around the media he would support every player and take criticism on his own shoulders. Furthermore, on many occasions we went far out of his way to help players with off-the-field problems. I don't know of anyone who played for Warmath who didn't fear him yet all respected him (this includes the likes of Carl Eller, Bobby Lee Bell, Gale Sayers, Charles Sanders, Bob Stein and John Williams).

I'm hopeful that the majority of coaches in college football are of the Warmath type. Otherwise it might be advisable to follow Bill Bradley's tentative suggestion and give college athletes full-time salaries.

JIM CAKIRER
Green Bay

SU

Not everyone in the Phoenix area is as dumb as your story on the Frank Kush firing implies. Unfortunately, it is true that many

people refuse to acknowledge the facts no matter how much evidence piles up against Kush. However, perhaps the biggest obstacle to rational judgment has been that most people, not knowing the figures involved in the controversy, have had to rely on bombastic local media for their impressions. For the past 20 years, Kush has been portrayed not simply as a successful football coach but also as a deified pop superstar, a straight-shooting John Wayne-type man of action. The scary side of Kush and the ASU athletic department never received much scrutiny. That he would try to orchestrate a lie-and-cover-up scheme was inconceivable. With that in mind, the reaction to Kush's dismissal by most—but not all—readers really isn't surprising.

MIKE TELESIELLO
ROB WALKER
ART MOORE
RICH KINNE
TIM GIBBONS
LOUI GRZELAK
Tempe, Ariz.

SU

Several years ago the NCAA selected Frank Kush to talk to a Detroit media group during an NCAA-ABC college football promotional tour. Frank was selected because he was an outstanding coach. I have known him for more than 20 years and can attest to this fact.

I resent SPURDS III'S SKEWERING of unfairly attacking Kush after his 21½ years at Arizona State. Did it take this long for you to find out he wasn't perfect, or do you just like to join lynch mobs?

ROGER STANLEY
Publisher
Football News
Detroit

COSELL

SU

I think it's time we readers gave Stan Isaacs a standing ovation for his TV/RADIO columns. His most recent, on Howard Cosell's coverage of the World Series (Oct. 29), was superb. Fans deserve better than to listen to Cosell excoriate the players. Keep them coming, Stan.

CRAIG BRUGER
Englewood, Fla.

SU

Stan Isaacs was right in characterizing Howard, like Muffin Cosell as an opportunistic politician always quick to lead a Sunday parade. But we cannot agree with his endorsement of Howard, as is seen in Monday Night Football. Don Ghimeray is correct in saying Cosell's value is that he forces the "foams," but we watch the game to focus on football, not on Howard. That is

the heart of the problem. Cosell forces the attention of the football fan away from the game. Monday Night Football is successful because of its choice schedule and because it is the only game in town. Pair up Frank Griffard with a competent color commentator e.g., John Brodie, and he will be equally successful. The very fact that there is controversy over Cosell is proof that he detracts from the game.

BILLY L. ADAMS
RICHARD GREELY
Marlborough, Mass.

SU

Let's get off Howard Cosell's back. Perhaps he does ramble on to the point where you feel like turning him off, but there is no question he has great insight into baseball, as well as football and boxing. Cosell is always getting tapped, but he is easily the most dominant force in his field. Maybe someday he will get the praise and acclaim that is so long overdue.

DAVID KONES
Chester, N.Y.

SU

I solved the difficult problem of listening to the coverage of the World Series on ABC TV by turning down the volume on the television set and tuning in Vin Scully and Sparky Anderson on radio. Their broadcast was superb—equal, interesting and a clinic on baseball, especially Sparky's insights.

EARL M. WRIGHT
Atlanta

SU

World Series announcer Sparky Anderson has succeeded the late Dury ("Slud into Third") Dean as master of the English language.

LYNN LARSON
Kelseyville, Calif.

BILL RODGERS' NUMBER

SU

Thanks for this great article on the New York Marathon (*Rush Hour in the Big Apple*, Oct. 29). However, I'm curious about one thing. If Bill Rodgers was wearing No. 2 who wore No. 1?

DON MERRER
Independence, Mo.

• Numbers were assigned according to the runner's best times ever in a marathon, and No. 1 went to Jon Thompson of England whose 2:09:12 was 15 seconds better than Rodgers' best —ED

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